

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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## NO LITTER IN THE LANES, PLEASE

### THE SILVER LINING OF DISASTER

#### GREAT ACHIEVEMENT OF BULGARIA

Rebuilding an Area Torn by  
Flood and Earthquake

FOUR YEARS AGO AND NOW

Four years ago the whole of Bulgaria was torn by earthquakes of the severest sort during eleven days, and at the same time cyclones blew, torrents fell, floods rose, and a strange sulphurous smell pervaded the most unlikely places.

When the earth subsided and a toll of the damage could be taken it was learned that 114 people had lost their lives, 1,000 had been wounded, and one quarter of the country, an area about the size of Holland, had been destroyed.

The whole world was moved to compassion for the suffering country, and money, tents, food, medicines, doctors, nurses, and relief workers began to pour in from far and wide. Meanwhile Bulgaria was not behindhand in helping herself. Before the earth had stopped trembling beneath her feet laws had been passed and credits voted to relieve the suffering of the homeless population and to rebuild the ruins.

#### A Magnificent Story

Now, four years after the catastrophe, the Committee that had this work in hand have disbanded and rendered their report of work done, not only to their Government but to the world which came to their aid and made possible part of the task they have accomplished so well.

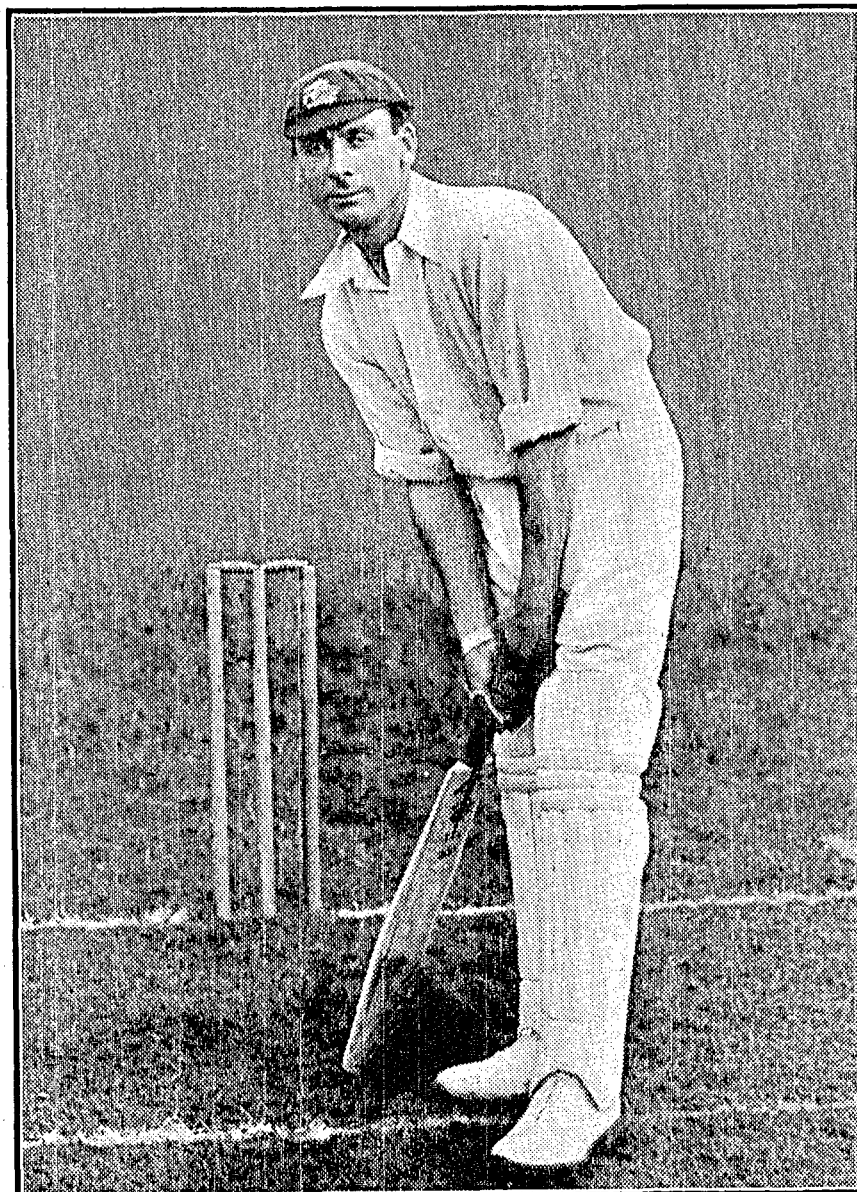
It is a magnificent story, this tale of Bulgaria rebuilt. For Bulgaria was not content to put things back as they were. She decided to make improvements all along the line, so that Bulgaria today, except for the loss of her lives and the loss of some of her fine mineral springs which completely dried up during the long shivering of the Earth's crust, is better than she was before her disaster.

#### Startling Changes

All the damaged roads and bridges have been repaired or remade. The bridges are splendid new structures of ferro-concrete. All but one of the 467 damaged schools have been put in order, and the 261 of these which had to be rebuilt were made as nearly earthquake-proof as possible.

The 370 hospitals of the district which were damaged had to be tidied up at once and made temporarily habitable as far as possible to care for the wounded; but when rebuilding proper began startling changes were made. Water-works were overhauled, thought was given to sun and air in the pavilions, modern kitchens, laundries, and disinfecting plants were installed, and today the disturbed towns have hospitals of which they can be thoroughly proud.

### A Good Innings



The season which is just beginning is likely to be the last in which Jack Hobbs, who is in his fiftieth year, will play in first-class cricket. As the greatest living player of the King of Games he is every boy's hero.

Four town halls have been repaired, but 271 have been rebuilt entirely to house the post-office, the police, the agricultural bank, the State Farm Agent, and the Local Medical Officer. Over seventy churches have been restored.

Two villages were so completely destroyed that the citizens took the opportunity to rebuild them on more satisfactory sites. In one of these, Lubenova, the Save the Children Fund put up 30 new houses; in the other, Duvandja, Mr Kendal, the English Consul at Bourgas, raised funds among his friends to erect a similar number of dwellings.

One of the happy memories of the earthquake is the fact that the Skupstina of Yugo-Slavia, a country which does not always cherish friendly feelings toward its neighbour to the east, voted three million dinars to aid in this work, and her scientists worked closely with those in Bulgaria in charting and recording the earthquake and its phenomena.

A pleasant souvenir has been left behind by the relief mission from Poland, which brought equipment for a 40-bed hospital. This material was left behind as a nucleus for the hospital of Chirpan, which now bears the name of Brotherly Poland.

#### A LITTLE HOUSE OF LONG AGO

A little girl's treasure has just found its way to the London Museum.

The little girl is 80 now. It is over 70 years since she woke one morning to greet the wonderful new treasure with squeaks of delight. Indeed it was as marvellous a plaything as was ever smuggled into a Victorian nursery.

When the little girl woke she saw her own home a little more than four feet high. It was as though she had eaten some of Alice's magic cake and grown into a giant, but the truth was that the Duke of Abercorn had had Chesterfield House copied for his little daughter.

### QUEEN ANNE NOT QUITE DEAD

#### A VOICE FROM HER REIGN

Odd Little Disturbance For Our  
National Government

#### ANOTHER CHANCE FOR THE BRIGHT BOY IN THE CABINET

It appears that the report of Queen Anne's death has been greatly exaggerated. She still keeps an eye on our politicians.

Mr Runciman, the President of the Board of Trade, has come under her scrutiny, and has, indeed, been dismissed from the House of Commons for a few days by an Act of Queen Anne.

In Queen Anne's day the President kept his place. He merely advised on foreign treaties and the plantations in America, and as he was well paid for a comfortable job he was not invited or allowed to sit in the House of Commons. In the nineteenth century an Act of Parliament limited the President's salary.

#### What the Commons Forgot

So far so good, but when in the present twentieth century the Commons again looked into Board of Trade affairs and decided to repeal the Act limiting the President's salary the House forgot that by the repealing of it the old Act of Queen Anne was restored, and it forbade him to sit in the House of Commons.

Unfortunately the C.N.'s Bright Boy, who would certainly have noted this simple fact, was not in the Government. Many times we have wished a bright schoolboy could be taken into the Cabinet to save us from the oversights and carelessnesses of our politicians. It was left for an Oxford professor to find it all out the other day, 23 years after the new Act was passed.

#### Heavy Penalties

The consequence of the professor's discovery is that every President of the Board of Trade since 1909 has incurred a fine of £100 for every day he has illegally sat in the House. It concerns a dozen public men, and Mr Runciman's share is £30,000; that of the other eleven Presidents who have preceded him amounts to about £300,000.

An Act has now been passed to rectify the blunder, remit the fines, and let the President sit again. The Act was rushed through as an emergency measure. But if the Chancellor of the Exchequer had been really impartial in his zeal for sacrifices from all he might have collected a nice little nest-egg of nearly a third of a million pounds to help him in balancing his Budget, and our law-makers, the men who draw up our Bills, would have received a little lesson in carefulness which would not have been a bad thing all round. As it is we have no doubt that Mr Runciman is thankful, and feels that all is well that ends well, as Shakespeare almost said.



## THE MAN OF OUR VERY HEART SHAKESPEARE BY THE AVON

Sensitive to Every Impression  
From England and Her People

### MR BALDWIN'S FINE SPEECH

Once more it was left for Mr Baldwin to say what was in our hearts on Shakespeare's Day at the opening of the New Memorial Theatre, and an admirable speech was made at the actual opening by the Prince of Wales.

This is from the speech of Mr Baldwin at the luncheon.

Such an international gathering would be impossible to celebrate the fame of any statesman, of any soldier, of any priest; and no money could buy it. It was only for a poet, and a poet of world repute, that such an assembly could be gathered together.

### The Innermost Chamber

Shakespeare spoke into the inner chamber of men in every country of the world. But there was an innermost chamber to which he gained admittance, and that was the innermost chamber of his own countrymen.

Happy indeed was Shakespeare in his time, a time not unlike the present. There was a great change coming upon the world, and it required some imagination on their parts to throw their minds back into the period when England was the land of music and of song, and when the Bible (translated, by the infinite mercy of Providence, at a time when the English language was at its best and noblest and purest), when that English Bible was the reading of the common people in this country, and when their lives and conversations were coloured by it. But the Englishman in Shakespeare remained, and, thank God, there still remained in England corners of that land in which he would feel at home.

### Native Wood Notes Wild

Never were four more pregnant words employed in relation to Shakespeare than "Native wood notes wild." He was the sensitive plate, as it were, to every impression that could reach him from the England and the English among whom he lived.

Of course (Mr Baldwin continued) the English had their faults. It was said of them that they were indifferent to the opinion of others. That did not arise from conceit; it arose largely from the fact that they had lived, until recently, in an island unapproachable. They had no garden wall over which neighbours could lean and laugh at them if they had breakfast in their shirt-sleeves.

### Things Too Deep For Tears

A great Englishman had expressed his feelings in words far better than he could find himself. It was Sir Walter Raleigh who said:

*Passions are likened best to floods and streams: the shallow murmur but the deep are dumb.*

Perhaps in some ways the Englishman was the man who never grew up, preserving into late life that intense reticence of masculine youth. Things that lay too deep for tears were seldom spoken of, but let no one make the mistake of thinking they were not there.

Every Englishman kept in his heart that corner of the country in which he was bred or in which, if he were unfortunate enough to be born in a town, his parents or his grandparents were bred. A New Jerusalem with streets made no appeal to him. The words that came to his mind were rather:

*He leadeth me beside the still waters; He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.*

And that was very much the feeling of another great race, the Roman. To the superficial, Horace might have been typical of the city of Rome. He was a patriot, and he loved Rome; but none

## JOURNALISM'S GREAT LOSS

### Sad Tragedy on Lake Windermere

Manchester has suffered a shattering blow in the sudden and tragic death of Edward Taylor Scott, editor of the Manchester Guardian.

He is another victim of treacherous Lake Windermere, far more dangerous to cross in squally weather than the English Channel. He was drowned by the upsetting of a dinghy in a sudden gust of wind.

The younger son of his famous father, Mr C. P. Scott, who died on New Year's Day, he was only 48, his work just well begun. He had a nature that endeared him to his colleagues and helpers. Sincere to a point of awkwardness, incapable of hypocrisy, modest, loyal, the fates had dealt well with him considering how generous they had been with the father.

### A Task Nobly Faced

Mr C. P. Scott was a giant, a dynamic force, a man with the genius of getting the best out of those around him, a hard man to follow. He made his paper famous throughout the world. The son could have had no more difficult task set than to take up the work the giant laid down, and his colleagues know how nobly he faced it.

He had had a good training for life and public work. He was schooled at Rugby, went on to Oxford, where he only stayed a year, perhaps because he was too much of an individualist. In 1912 he joined the staff of the Manchester Guardian. He had four years of war service, including a term as a prisoner. On everything connected with war he looked back with horror and loathing, only remembering the good comradeship of men facing death together.

After the war he took up his work again. For many years he wrote the Guardian leaders. It was his ideal to bring to the subject in hand temperate judgment and no prejudice. In 1929 he succeeded to the editorship, his only brother being manager. He leaves a widow, two sons, and two daughters, and a vacant place in a mourning nation and a mourning world.

## THE MAGIC MAN

### Shakespeare's Appeal to the World

By the Prince of Wales

Shakespeare was above all things an Englishman. He loved his country with a great and passionate love, and his magic verse not only breathes the air of the countryside, the air of our long, still summer afternoons, but strikes back into the very heart of our history, with all its pageantry and daring.

It gives one pleasure to know that the new Shakespeare Theatre is not alone the tribute of England, but the tribute of the whole civilised world to a great world-figure.

The secret of this wide appeal is that Shakespeare took an intense interest in this workaday world, and was too much in love with living ever to become engrossed with mere theories about life. He delighted in all swift, true things: the galloping of horses, the music of hounds, the skill and backbone of the man-at-arms, and the quiet courage so often to be found in the simplest human heart.

Continued from previous column

would deny that his heart was not in the Via Sacra, it was not in the Forum; it was in the Sabine farm where the wood logs crackled in the autumn evening. That was why Shakespeare went back to Stratford. His heart was in the meadows by the river, and to those meadows he returned. By those meadows he died, and in the sound of the running water he laid his bones.

## HITLER'S POWER IN GERMANY The State Elections SITUATION IN PRUSSIA

The elections for the Diets, which are the Parliaments of the Federal States of Germany, resulted in Hitler's Party securing many more votes than any other and gaining 231 seats.

These elections are fought on the Proportional System, which enables many parties to put forward representatives, and therefore it is that the results differ from results shown when few candidates are in the field, as in the recent Presidential election.

The total vote in the Prussian elections was over 22,000,000, or 80 per cent

### The Six Days

By the Prime Minister

This is from a speech of the Prime Minister at a luncheon to journalists at Geneva.

**I**F I were the editor of a newspaper I would always have a column headed Creation, and I would keep the most able and imaginative man to supply the news for it.

At a disarmament conference, as at Creation, the first day produced only a consideration of vague things, without form and void, a kind of resolution declaring a general principle; whereupon some worthy archangel remarked: "This is slow!" On the second day the earth was separated from the water, and there was a reference to an Expert Committee, whereupon the archangel said: "There is far too much compromise in this business for us."

The revolt spread, and by the fifth day there was a revolution, and the rebels had to be bundled out. Then the imperturbable and unbendable powers of Creation wiped their brows and said, "Create man," and man was created on the sixth day.

I do not want people to be disappointed if progress is slow. We will go as quickly as possible, and the day will come (that Sixth Day will come) when we shall have accomplished a work which will be recorded in the most illustrious pages of history.

of the electorate. Hitler received 8,000,000 votes, giving his party 162 seats; with the parties in alliance with him he has 200 seats out of 422. The Socialists received 4,600,000 votes and the Centre Party, who share the Government with them, 3,400,000 votes; the Government thus has 162 seats. The remaining 60 seats were won by the Communists and their allies, with 3,000,000 supporters.

Consequently the Communists hold the balance in the new Prussian Diet (not the German Parliament), and, as they are more hostile to the Hitlerites than the Socialists, it is not expected that Hitler will be able to form the Government.

In Bavaria and the small States who went to the poll at the same time the party of Hitler greatly increased its representation.

## FATHER AND SON Both Proud of Each Other

### HENRY AINLEY AND THE PIT MEN

When Mr Henry Ainley speaks we all listen, because he has one of the finest voices on the stage; but the other night a great audience listened with a double interest, for Mr Ainley had something great to say.

A crowd of famous folk, led by the Duke and Duchess of York, had gone to a London cinema where a German film about a mining disaster was being shown. All the money earned by the show was sent to the distressed area in Wales.

During the evening Mr Ainley appeared before the curtain, not to speak in the character of a Shakespearean hero, but to speak as a miner's son.

### Coalpit and Night School

He asked modestly to say something personal. Then he spoke of his father, who began work in a coalpit when nine years old. At nineteen he attended a night school and there learned to read and write. "I am very proud of my father," said the great actor.

He wondered if the audience could imagine what it was like for such men when the pits closed. Five pits had shut down in the district the fund served, and that meant "hundreds of men so fit and so well trained that they are prepared to meet danger and their God every time they descend the mine, all out of work."

It was a powerful plea for the brave folk of the mines, and we hope it has brought a golden harvest to the scheme for helping them.

### The Right Kind of Name

Very pleasant is it to think of the Ainleys, father and son, each with so good a right to be proud of one another. Henry Ainley has not merely made a famous name; he has made the right kind of name by avoiding all that is bad and silly in the way of plays and working hard for the noblest ideals of Drama. Perhaps it was something of the spirit of his father that helped him long ago to withstand the temptation to become a matinée idol in stupid comedies and to devote himself to serious acting.

We have just seen this little saying of Mr Ainley's and we like it:

I invariably go straight home from the theatre and make myself a cup of a soothing beverage which, as I am a teetotaler, is my substitute for strong drinks. And as I never smoke during the day or before the play, I thoroughly enjoy a cigarette or two. Then I try to solve a crossword puzzle, and if I am still wakeful I read poetry till I do go to sleep. I'm an early riser, and get all the exercise I can by walking. I visit all the old churches and historical buildings in London and as far afield as Greenwich and Hampton Court. That is my great hobby.

## THINGS SAID

My vegetable bill is twice my meat bill. Sheriff of Nottingham, Mrs Harper

If youth desires to be taken seriously it must take itself seriously.

Mr Herbert Morrison

A historian might do many less valuable things than chronicle a country's illusions about itself. Miss Rebecca West

A prosperous Britain is essential to a prosperous British Empire.

Sir James Lithgow

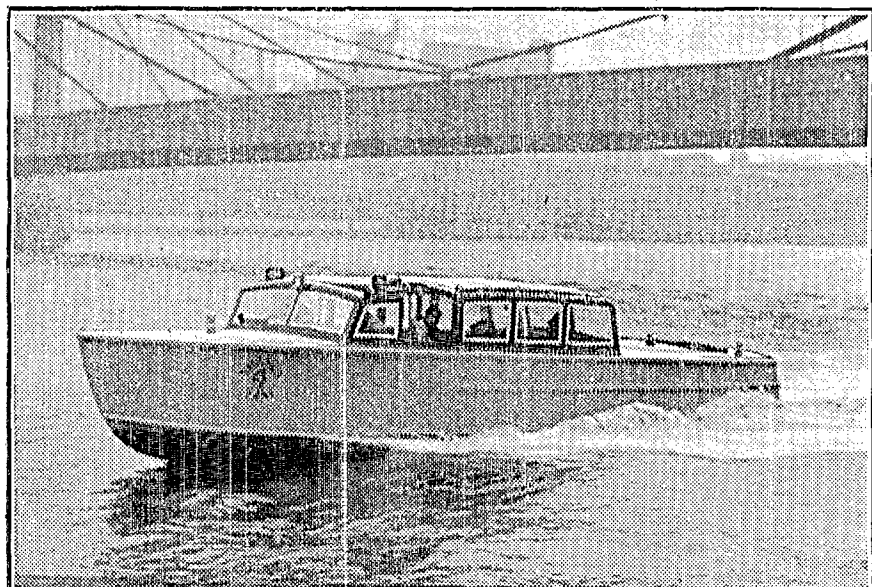
The world would far rather have a firm man wrong than a weak man hesitatingly right. Mr H. G. Wells

English character is forged, not in a town or factory, but in the English village. Dr G. Herbert Fowler

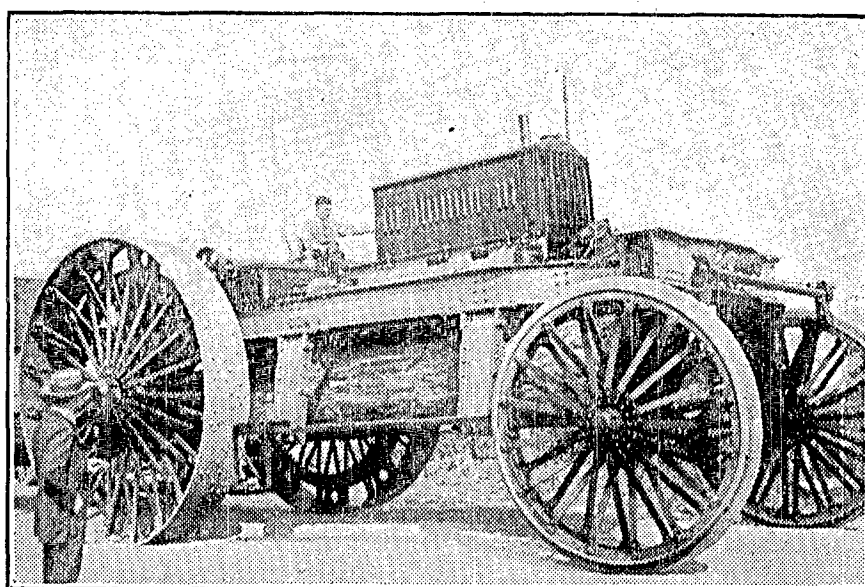
I have never known a statement given to a Lobby journalist in confidence to be divulged. Mr Runciman



# A THAMES BUS · TULIP TIME IN CORNWALL · THREE MILLION VOLTS



**A Thames Bus**—A new service of passenger motor-boats has started on the river in London. This means of transport has been much neglected in late years.



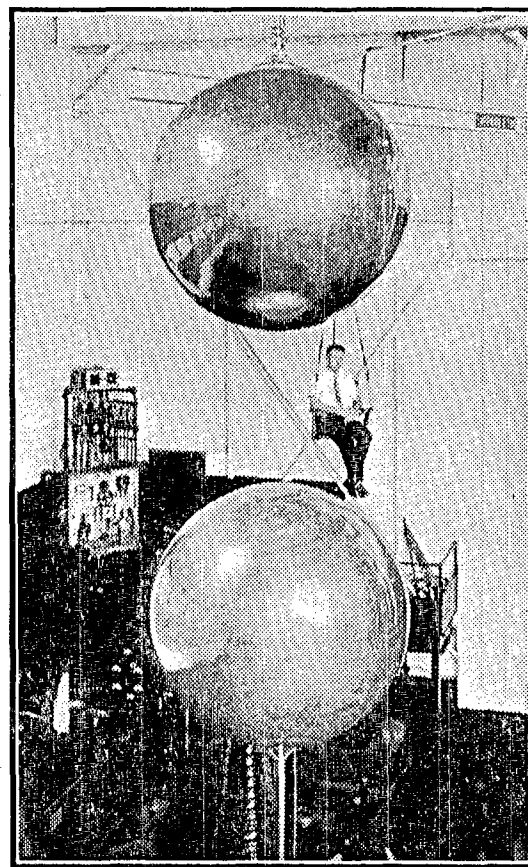
**A Forest Juggernaut**—This extraordinary machine is used in the forests of giant redwoods in California. It picks up a tree-trunk between its huge wheels and carries it away.



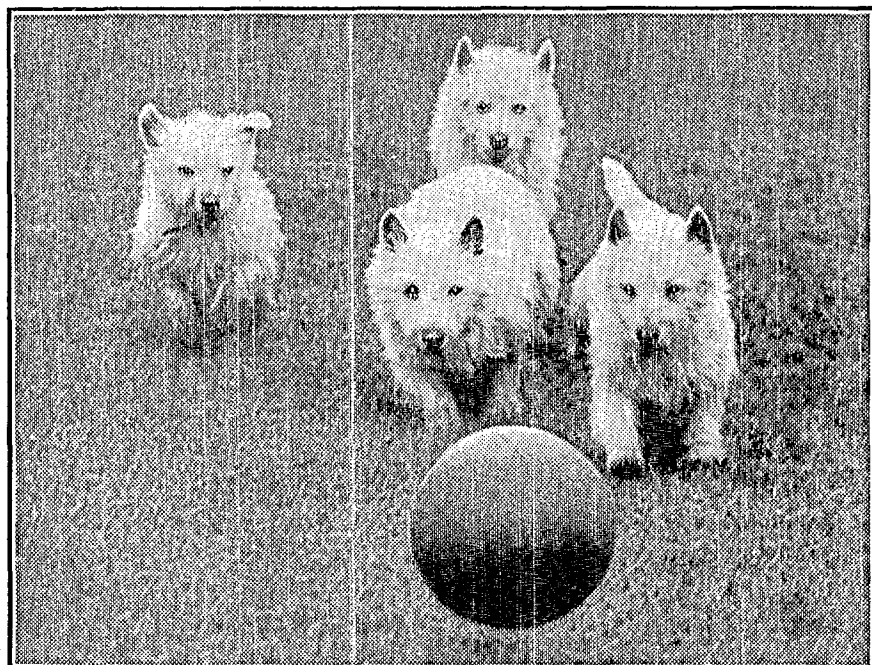
**Music Practice**—Two of the youngest competitors are here seen rehearsing in preparation for the West Riding brass band contest at Bradford.



**Tulip Time in Cornwall**—England is competing with the famous bulb fields of Holland, as this fine picture from a field near Penzance shows. Fewer flowers are now coming into the country from abroad.



**Three Million Volts**—These big aluminium spheres were used in an American electrical laboratory for an experiment with three million volts.



**After the Ball**—The fact that the football season is over does not prevent these West Highland terriers from playing their favourite game at their home at Henley.



**Rolling the Courts**—During the interval for lunch these young players in a tennis tournament at Ealing helped to get the courts in good condition for the afternoon play.



## THE ZOO'S TAME PYTHON

### GOLIATH TAKES A STROLL

And Allows Himself To Be Coaxed Back To His Den

### A HEARTY MEAL FOR A FULL-GROWN SNAKE

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo can boast of an extremely rare possession, a perfectly tame python, which is 28 feet long.

Small, young constricting snakes can often be tamed quite easily, and one of the attractions offered by the Reptile House is to go behind the scenes and have a pet snake draped round your neck; for, contrary to what is a common belief, these creatures are not at all unpleasant to touch.

But their large relatives cannot be regarded as friendly exhibits. As a rule they are bad-tempered, quarrelsome, and disposed to attack without provocation; and, owing to the immense strength of a 20-foot python and its power to crush a man to death in a few minutes, it is a creature to be treated with respect.

#### Docile and Reliable

However, this particular python, who is nicknamed Goliath, appears to be quite docile and reliable. He has been in a menagerie for a considerable time and has always been on good terms with the head keeper in the Reptile House. The man has long been able to stroke the great reptile and offer him food from his hand. This was considered to be most unusual, but it was not until a mishap occurred a few months ago that the full extent of Goliath's docility was discovered.

The snakes dens communicate with the service passages by means of sliding doors, and the service passages in this house are arranged so that if a specimen should get out of its den it can be prevented from straying into the public part of the building.

#### A Shock For the Electrician

One morning the keeper opened the doors of Goliath's den far enough to admit a hosepipe; then, having tied them together with rope, he left the hose to play on the floor of the den while he went off to attend to another task. He returned to see a white-faced and terrified electrician running, as he thought, for his life.

The unfortunate man had been carrying out some repairs in the passage when suddenly he looked down and saw an immense python at his feet. (Goliath had evidently pressed against the doors of his den and snapped the rope which held them together.)

#### Effective Coaxing

The keeper promptly locked the door of the service passage and, as Goliath seemed to be in an amiable mood, he decided not to summon assistance, for at least fifteen men would have been needed to lift the reptile back to his den, and this might have upset his temper. Instead he tried the experiment of coaxing Goliath back to captivity by caressing his head and guiding him to the den.

This worked perfectly. After that Goliath and his keeper were on better terms than ever, and he has since been allowed out again for another promenade.

Goliath seems to be a remarkably sensible reptile in other respects. During the winter he fasted for five months, but he was careful to break his fast and have a few good meals (consisting of thirteen fowls and one duck) to strengthen him before he began the important but rather trying business of changing his skin, a process which takes about three weeks to complete.

## THE MAGICAL GRID

### 26,000 POWER TOWERS

Progress of the Great National Electrical Scheme

### COUNTRY MAPPED OUT

So great is the national electrical scheme organised by the Central Electricity Board that 26,000 towers are required to carry the power lines. There will be 17,265 primary lines and 8878 secondary lines.

Sites for the majority of these towers have already been secured. Chains of these towers are now marching through the country, carrying with them the very life-blood of industry.

Some very tall towers have been constructed to carry the transmission lines across rivers. One at Barking Creek is 362 feet high, and two others 298 feet high are being erected to carry the cables across the River Ouse. The giants of all, however, will be two that are being built for the crossing of the Thames at Dagenham. These will be 487 feet high, and the span between them will be more than 3000 feet.

#### An Interesting Experiment

At the end of last year towers had been erected covering 2300 miles.

Not all these miles are yet in operation, but by the end of last year 910 miles of transmission line were at work. This enables us to measure progress, for at the end of 1930 only 464 miles were in operation, and at the end of 1929 only 86 miles.

At the end of last year only 17 miles of underground cable remained to be laid in a total of 241 miles for south-east England. One interesting experiment was the laying of 15 miles of oil-filled cable for carrying current at 132,000 volts between Eltham and Deptford.

So advanced is the planning that at the end of December only 200 miles of wayleave had to be obtained. By a wayleave is meant the right to carry a line across land. As a general rule consent to run the lines is obtained without applying compulsion.

#### Nine Great Schemes

The whole area of Great Britain has been very carefully mapped out for electrical purposes, and there are now nine great schemes covering nearly four-fifths of the British area, these four-fifths containing 98 per cent. of the population.

So successful is the work that although last year was one of general trade depression the national production of electricity actually grew by nearly five per cent. That is to say, while nearly all other trades declined the electrical supply trade increased.

By the end of last year the contracts placed for the construction of the power lines, familiarly called the Grid, amounted to £22,000,000. These contracts have been a great assistance to employment in the electrical trades.

#### A Standardised Supply

A most important point is that the electrical supply is being standardised throughout the country.

Already a number of big factories and works have converted their plant for operation by electricity. These include cotton and woollen textile firms and iron and steel plants in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Scotland, and chemical works and paper mills elsewhere.

Apart from the Post Office, the telegraph and telephone services, and the Army, Navy, and Air Force the electricity supply is the only national work yet planned on a national scale.

The time will undoubtedly come when all big industries serving the entire country will be, as a matter of course, nationally planned. We may confidently expect to see coal, iron and steel, railways, and other great industries of the first importance mapped out to serve the country as a whole in the best possible way

Pictures on page 9

## THE GREAT BOUNDARY

### Peace on Both Sides

BRITISH EMPIRE'S 5500 MILES OF UNGUARDED FRONTIER

While we are all talking of Disarmament it is interesting to remind ourselves of the great unguarded frontier between Canada and the United States.

This is often spoken of as being 3000 miles long, but actually there are 5500 miles of boundary on which there is no gun or armament of any kind. Of this total 3100 miles are on land, the remaining 2400 miles being along rivers or across lakes.

Along the whole of its course through ever-changing scenery the boundary is indicated. On the land sections, 5483 monuments and vistas cut through the woods in all forest-covered areas mark the limits of Canadian and United States territory. The water boundary is identified by 2530 reference marks.

#### An Object Lesson to the World

Most of the land monuments are of iron, granite, or concrete; but in the mountains where British Columbia joins Alaska hollow monuments of aluminium bronze are used. Along the larger waterways the reference monuments are chiefly of concrete, and along the narrower waterways small solid aluminium bronze marks serve to show the international boundary.

Occasionally special types of monument are used, as along the Gulf of Georgia. This is the first course of the water boundary and is 11 miles long. The Gulf is ranged by steel towers carrying lights; the offshore towers are 60 feet high.

This great Peace Boundary between the two English-speaking nations is an object lesson to the world. It is under the jurisdiction of two Commissioners, one from Canada the other from the States. These two form the Boundary Commission and they are guided in their duties by the terms of five international treaties.

See World Map

## A TALE FROM AN ISLAND

### The Old Barque's Figurehead WRECKED ON BOAVISTA

From Cape Verde Islands comes the romantic story of the last four-masted barque sailing under the British flag.

Her figurehead is set up in a sacred spot on Boavista Island, and is worshipped daily. Stevenson himself could have invented no stranger or more picturesque end.

The barque was the Garthpool.

It was in 1929 that she was wrecked on Boavista, and she has been gradually breaking up. The figurehead was washed up on Boavista in recent times.

Great was the excitement of the natives as they gathered on the beach round the wooden woman. All were agreed that her coming was a sign from heaven—but a sign of what? Did she forebode disaster, or would she bring them good fortune?

After much debate they decided that it would be safest to treat her with respect, so she was carried to a sheltered corner of the isle, and every day someone came to pray before her.

The other day a white man arrived and said she was his. He was Sir William Garthwaite, the owner of the Garthpool.

At first the natives were indignant, and then it seems to have occurred to one of their leaders that this was the luck the figure was to bring them, so they told Sir William he could have the sacred figure for £50.

As far as we can discover he did not accept the offer. After all, he could offer the figurehead no better home or more flattering treatment than the natives have given her, and so the figurehead of the last of the four-masted barques has found a romantic end.

## OUR SCHOOL BILL

### NATIONAL COST OF EDUCATION

Sir Donald Maclean's Look Round at the Situation

HOW WE SPEND £100,000,000

Concluding his splendid speech on the estimates for education this year Sir Donald Maclean declared that these expenditures were the best investment any nation could make to produce an educated and honourable and effective citizenship.

It is this spirit which runs through all who are concerned with education today, the Department of which Sir Donald Maclean is the most admirable President, the committees of the town and county councils, the inspectors, the teachers, and the large band of voluntary workers.

#### The Making of Happy Citizens

Sir Donald told us all about it and how the regrettable cuts are serving to concentrate attention on increasing efficiency all round. Then, with the coming of prosperity and larger grants, a machine more perfect than the world has ever known will turn out the happiest citizens of all time.

Even today, he said, no other country in Europe is providing so generously in its Budget for education, nearly £43,000,000 being set aside by the Exchequer for this purpose. Including contribution from the rates, and Scotland, the total was nearly £100,000,000.

When it was realised that over £40,000,000 was allotted to the salaries of elementary teachers, said Sir Donald, it could be seen at once how difficult it would have been to restore the ten per cent cut of last year. Sir Donald declared that there was scarcely any calling under the State which was suffering less from unemployment; they were better paid than anywhere else in Europe; while in the matter of pensions the State was bearing the heavy charge of £6,000,000; teachers retiring now being pensioned on full service.

#### Milk For a Million Children

There had been no reduction but an increase of £350,000 on these pensions this year. The only other increase was in university scholarships to students.

The local authorities were proposing to increase their expenditure on health services, and the Board was helping them with propaganda on health and diet. Nearly a million children were receiving a glass of milk a day at the elementary schools, three times as many as two years ago, and 120,000 poor children were given milk free.

The unanimous finding of the Licensing Commission that alcohol is bad for you was being acted on in this connection, and instruction based on it was now being given in the schools.

A State Juvenile Organisation Committee was working hard at directing all voluntary societies which help children when they leave school. Sir Donald Maclean acknowledged with gratitude the gift of £20,000 by the Carnegie Trustees toward this work in South Wales and Tyneside, and he declared that the Prince of Wales's appeal had had most useful results in securing new workers among young people.

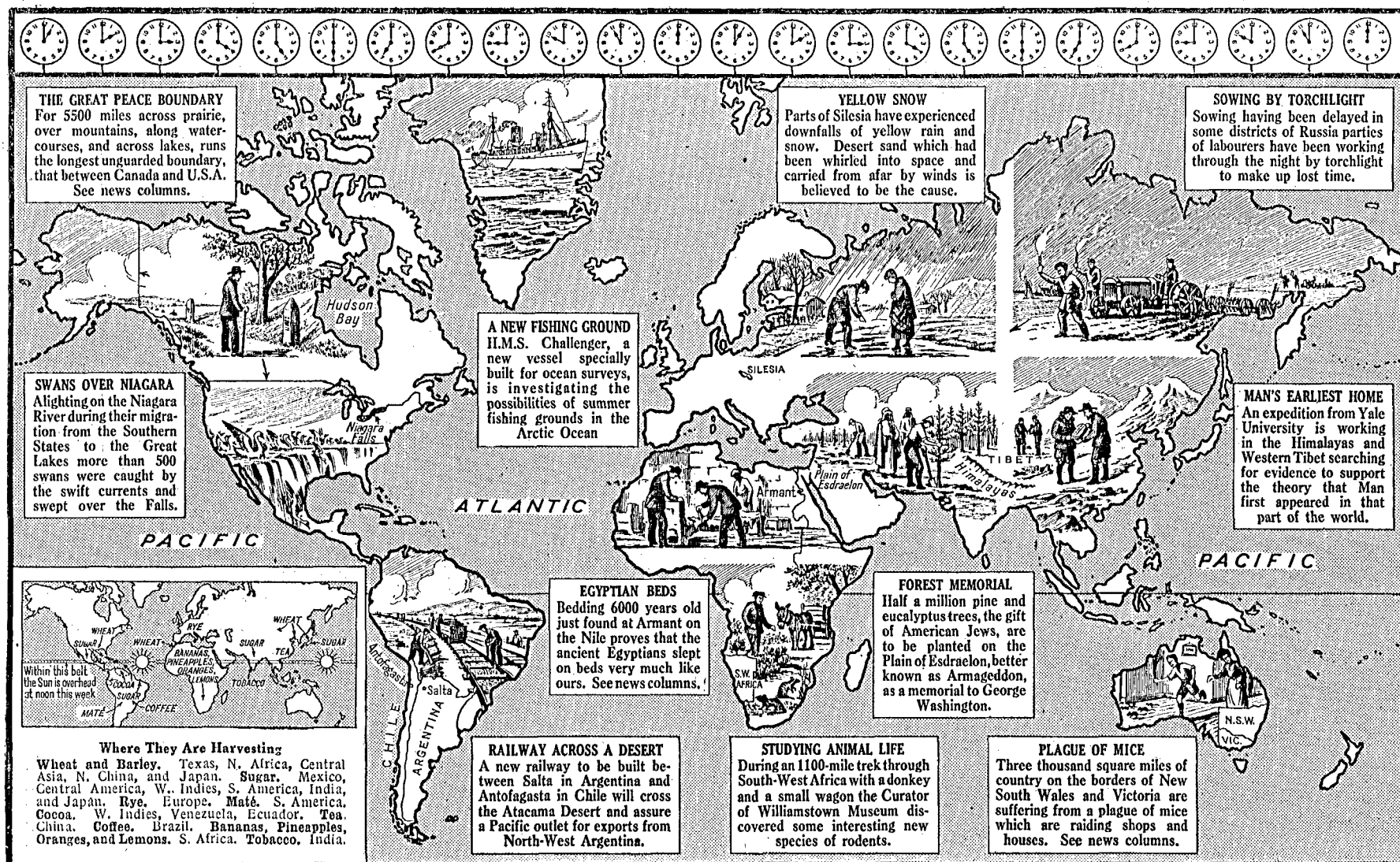
#### What Czecho-Slovakia is Doing

Summing-up a very difficult position Sir Donald said that our enforced pause in new expenditure must not mean stagnation. Education must adapt itself to the new conditions. Success in the industrial struggle for existence would go to the best-equipped nation.

Directing attention to what Czecho-Slovakia is doing he said that 170,000 young people were released by their employers for further technical training in their working hours, whereas our total is 15,000, though in the same proportion it should be 500,000. This technical training was a task they must set their hand to.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## TUCKING-UP 6000 YEARS AGO The Beds of the Ancient Egyptians

Beds with framework and legs, mattresses and sheets, are a great deal older than we thought. Mr O. H. Myers, who is leading an exploring campaign in Armant, which was once a famous city on the Nile, has found the remains of bedding 6000 years old.

So we must change all our ideas, and no longer think that people in those far-off times slept on a mat, or a hammock, or a wooden couch. They had mattresses of twigs covered with mats, and they had large linen sheets of extraordinary fineness. The explorers found remains of them sticking to the beds.

The housemaids who made up those beds knew that the secret of bedmaking is tucking-in the sheets at the foot. They were so well tucked in that they had stayed tucked in for 6000 years.

Mr Myers and his friends found a lot of knick-knacks as well—toilet jars, and palettes on which the ladies who had slept so well in the tucked-up beds mixed their rouge and eye paint when they got up. There were collections of beads too, containing specimens of marvellous blue-glazed quartz. We cannot glaze quartz today as well as it was done about 4500 B.C.

Mr Myers is turning many of our ideas topsy-turvy. There is the St Andrew's flag, for instance. Who would have thought that it was carried in battle by the ancient Egyptians whose daughters were such good bedmakers? Mr Myers has found the model of the Scots flag in the tomb of a nameless warrior who led forgotten tribes to battle 60 centuries ago. See World Map

### FOR THIS MUCH THANKS

Two Gentlemen of the Road who took a wallet from the pocket of a passenger on a bus in Ludgate Circus the other day returned it by post within 24 hours, its contents intact.

## THE TINKER QUEEN A Kenspeckle Figure in the Orkneys

Mrs Macphee, the tinker queen of the Orkneys, has finished her travels and mended the last of her pots and pans. It is seventy years since she started her sales campaign, and ever since then this kenspeckle figure (as they call a strikingly beautiful figure up there) had kept up her reputation of being the most businesslike woman in Orkney.

She was a wild girl in those days, and rode her brown mare bareback here, there, and everywhere, jumping dykes and ditches and making light of obstacles.

Of law and civilisation the tinker queen was independent for the whole of her life. She called the police her natural enemies, but all the same she was always good friends with them, and only a few weeks ago she went to Kirkwall and bade them Goodbye.

Then she went back to her home to die, not in a comfortable cottage but in an encampment in a quarry 16 miles from Kirkwall.

To visitors to Orkney this remarkable old character was known as Nellie Newlands. She was often photographed, and her pictures have more than once been published in the papers. Her husband belongs to a well-known Caithness tribe, and two of his ancestors fought at Culloden.

### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Portrait by Reynolds . . .	£1200
Painting by Zoffany . . .	£900
A Wordsworth 1st edition . . .	£415
1st ed. Keats Poems, 1817 . . .	£220
Kelmscott Chaucer, 1896 . . .	£142
A Burns letter . . .	£115
Tennyson 1st edition, 1833 . . .	£105
A Sherlock Holmes MS . . .	£88
Two Dickens letters . . .	£85

A first edition of Gray's Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College, published at sixpence in 1747, was sold for £220.

## JOHN KYTE COLLETT The Grand Old Man of Peace

At 97 one might be excused trying any longer to put the world straight, but our old friend Mr John Kyte Collett of Penarth, in South Wales, believes no one is too old or too young to help.

After more than 80 years of work he still spends his days spreading right ideas about the world by means of his Children's League of Peace and Goodwill.

Thousands of children wear the medal of his League, and pray night and morning, as they pledge themselves to do, that they may be lovers of peace and goodwill like the Prince of Peace Himself.

Perhaps the world will learn at last the truth of those words He spoke, *A little child shall lead them*, for in nearly every country today there is so strong a power for peace growing in the hearts of the children that they may yet save the world.

These witnesses for peace are everywhere—Mr Collett's children, the C.N.'s own League Pioneers, the great international family of Scouts and Guides, the Boy's Brigade, the young members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and all the other great movements banding together those who love peace.

And the Grand Young Man of them all is our 97-year-old friend, John Kyte Collett, whose prayer is that he may be working for peace on Earth even when he is himself in Heaven.

### BEHIND THE PANELLING

The owners of Shelley House in Lewes have had a pleasant surprise.

They decided to have some ugly panelling taken away from the drawing-room, and they found 16th-century wall paintings underneath.

Long ago the house was called The Vine, and over the door hung a sign showing Bacchus seated on a wine cask. The sign is now in Lewes Castle. Will somebody restore the signboard and the name, we wonder?

## REVENUE TARIFFS SAVE THE BUDGET Your Tea Will Cost You More

The Budget statement which was anticipated with such universal interest proved very uninteresting after all.

So great a drop is expected in the yield of income tax this year that no taxation has been lessened. Indeed everybody will have to contribute something more to the revenue with every cup of tea they drink. Fourpence a pound has been levied on foreign tea and twopence on tea from India and Ceylon.

The nation will also pay 32 other millions needed by the Chancellor to balance his accounts by spending more than they would otherwise have done on the imported goods which bear a 10 per cent tariff and other duties.

This country has a difficult year in front of it, but its example of determination to make ends meet should do a great deal toward encouraging other countries to do likewise, and thus bring prosperity nearer.

## SAVING A VALLEY A Bit of Devon For Ever

It is good news that the lovely valley of Watersmeet in Devon can never be made ugly.

Because of its beauty it has always been a place of pilgrimage, and of late years it has been just such places that have been defiled by ugly petrol stations, tea shanties, and hideous bungalows.

But a local association for the preservation of natural beauties has stepped in with an agreement to buy the valley for £7000. The association has an option extending over three years.

This valley of headlong streams belongs to the nation, and no one will be able to spoil it for his own profit now.

Denmark, Portugal, and Argentina have all ordered new wireless stations from British firms this year.



# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 7 1952

## Small Men and Great Affairs

THE story of Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish match king, has grown into a shameful thing as the facts have slowly disclosed themselves.

His death has brought trouble to millions far and wide beyond his own land.

The case illustrates the fact that the affairs of men ought not to be committed to individuals who are tempted to undertake too much and to embark on schemes which grow beyond their control.

Indeed, it is a grave difficulty of modern society that, as the world's population grows and as the affairs of men become more and more complicated, the minds and powers of men do not expand in proportion.

When a man mishandles small affairs the faults are confined within a narrow circle. When the same kind of fault is committed in far-reaching affairs the results may be widespread and exceedingly grave. We have to realise that a human being remains the same faulty creature whether his affairs are small or great. There are no great men in the sense that they are not subject to failure of intellect and failure of character.

It is therefore necessary to safeguard nations and the work of nations by devising plans which, while giving every opportunity to individuals, deny them the power of dictatorship. Kreuger had become Dictator of a vast concern which embraced scores of different banks and individual businesses, and had dealings with some dozen Governments, who were induced by his reputation to give him match monopolies. The Dictator broke down, and when he died investigation showed that a man who was regarded as the commercial and industrial pride of Sweden, who had been treated as a potentate in the world of affairs, had destroyed his life to evade answering for the terrible mess he had made of his work and the ruin he had brought upon the shoulders of innocent people.

The history of finance and industry is unfortunately full of the names of such men. We have had them in England, and they have appeared everywhere. They leave trails of disaster; they ruin thousands of homes; they bring down with them fine businesses. It is high time that the nations took precautions as to the handling of their finances and their businesses.

Another unfortunate thing is that accountants should allow themselves to certify balance sheets which do not reveal the true condition of things. If accountants did their duty how could a false account appear?



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



### The Trouble About Superstition

WE have heard much about the sixty natives of Kenya who accused a woman of being a witch and killed her, but how many of us have realised that the woman herself may have believed in her power as a witch? That is the trouble about superstition.

An African girl, condemned to die for causing the death of the Chief's wife, was pleaded for by a missionary who knew that the woman had died from natural causes.

Finally the Chief agreed to let the girl go free if she proclaimed her innocence before the missionary, but instead of pleading not guilty the girl admitted that she had cast a spell on the Chief's wife. She had cut off a piece of the woman's hair and put it under her bed while uttering curses, she said; and she refused to be released.

She was ready to die for a bit of superstition, because she believed it.

### Was It Worth While?

ST PATRICK might sometimes wonder if it were really worth his while to be the patron of our little island of disturbances; but we may have been chosen for tribulation for a special purpose.

Lord Moynihan

### A Letter Written on Old London Bridge

A FIRM making ivory tooth combs on old London Bridge before the Fire of London, and still manufacturing ivory goods, has been looking up its records.

In its letter books all sorts of quaint things are to be found, but for sadness nothing can touch a letter written in November 1803. It announces:

*Our ship Hamilton will arrive off Charleston in April next with a cargo of 250 Prime Gambia slaves.*

The clients, who were planters, were told that they could rely on the youth and health of the cargo.

It is heart-breaking to think about that shipload of young misery, but it is heartening to think how far we have moved in 129 years.

Where will the world be in 129 years from now?

### A Prayer For a Newspaper

All good people will like the prayer with which the Bishop of Malmesbury dedicated the offices of the new Bristol Evening Post. He asked

*That we may be able to do something to give men gaiety, freedom, and simplicity, and make a tired world young again, clean laughter, good sportsmanship, courtesy and real fellowship, something to inspire science, art, and letters.*

### Pioneers

For us the joy of joys, O pioneers!  
We shall not travel, but we make the road.  
Helen Friedlaender

### Peacemaker Wanted

In our village

MRS G cannot speak or smile to Mrs C because seven years ago Mrs G's daughter-in-law said something devastating to Mrs C's son. Yet otherwise they would suit one another well.

Mr F never smiles any more when passing Mr T going into the post office because Mr T (through poverty) did not join in the presentation given Mr F on his jubilee. F used greatly to like a walk with T.

Sad, but true. If only somebody would take that little vacant cottage by the stream and write over the door "So and So, Professional Peacemaker" and set to work.

### Tip-Cat

THE chassis of a new car is much lower than usual. Suits people down to the ground.

A GOOD dentist is an artist in his way. But only draws teeth.

VERY few women are buying yachts this year. They are in low water.

WET weather is said to come in circles. Hope there will be enough umbrellas to go round.

Peter Puck  
Wants to  
Know



If the man  
who gave his  
opinion still  
holds it

OUR aviators are wonderful, declares a lady. Of high repute.

ALMOST the only thing left to tax now is the wolf at the door.

A FARMER claims to understand the language of sheep. Will he write it down with a sheep-pen?

A VIOLINIST needs flexible fingers. Plenty of play.

A JOURNALIST walked into a river while thinking out a paragraph. Found a current topic.

THE inhabitants of an island in the Pacific are said to burrow in the sand. They keep their expenses under.

SOFT hats are popular in the City. And hard heads.

### THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION has given £300,000 to McGill University for surgical research.

THERE will be no beer and no bar in Northern Ireland's new Parliament House.

MANY happy returns to the original Alice in Wonderland, keeping her 80th birthday in America.

### JUST AN IDEA

War has no use for a thinking man, but give it a human cog in a wheel and it will grind it to powder.

## The Sea Calling

OVER the wind-torn cliffs I passed,  
Where summer flowers had died,  
Down to a stretch of lonely beach  
Where icy breakers ride.

AND there it seemed those wintry waves

Beat out this wild refrain:  
Dear children, come again one day;  
Dear children, come again!

WHEN the cliffs wear their flowered frocks,  
And gay white sails dip past;  
When the cold trees are green again  
And summer comes at last.

HERE in my rocky seaweed pools  
Your sun-brown feet shall wade.

When winter's done, dear children come

With bucket and with spade.

THEN the gold sands that hem the sea

Beneath the blue-robed skies  
Shall to each English child become  
The shores of Paradise.

Marjorie Wilson

## Marigold

By the Look-About-Lady

WHAT is Marigold like? was the question put by one lady to another. She was on her way to visit an unknown niece.

"H'm, I don't know exactly," was the hesitating reply.

"Come, doesn't she do anything? Paint, sing, typewrite, embroider?"

"I don't think she does. Strangely old-fashioned, perhaps. But Marigold always knows where the palm pussy willow grows, and she fetches me some when my heart is sick of the winter. And toward the end of the year it's she who knows just in what secret corner of the woods the leaves are first golden. That's the chief thing I can tell you about Marigold."

"You have told me enough," was the quick response.

## C.N. Philosophies

Love

LOVE is the great inspiring force of Life in all her kingdoms.

If we love a friend we will do anything for him. If we love a cause we will give it our lives.

The bird plucks off its down to line the nest of its young. The child says to its toy, Poor doggie, you have no nose, tail, or ears, but you are beautiful. A man allows himself to be led to the scaffold in his brother's place because the brother has a wife and children.

Scholars give their ideas to the world for the love of truth, scientists their discoveries for the love of science, artists their work for love of beauty, doctors their knowledge for the love of humanity, clergymen their ministry for the love of God and man.

Love is the greatest force for bringing men together, the strongest lever for bringing nations together; for Love is "the fulfilment of the Law." It is God's path to immortality.



May 1, 1932

## The Children's Newspaper

7

## LITTLE MR LANG QUEER SPECTACLE IN AUSTRALIA

### A State Prime Minister's New Way to Pay Old Debts

#### THE RAKE'S PROGRESS

Australia, striving to show herself a great country in a hard time, has been held up by a little man; and the British Empire has been confronted with the queer spectacle of a State Government fighting the Commonwealth.

The little man is Mr John Thomas Lang, who as Premier of New South Wales has been attempting to use his authority to make this State dictate to the whole of the Commonwealth.

The Commonwealth is trying to pay its way. Mr Lang says that a better way is not to pay debts, and he has put his principles into practice by persuading New South Wales not to pay hers.

The Commonwealth declares that the only way to rehabilitate Australian finances is to compel economies and make sacrifices all round, in order to pay the national indebtedness and balance the Budget by the end of next year.

#### An Ancient Superstition

Mr Lang clings to the ancient superstition that the best way to make work is to spend money. If everybody has money to spend all will be well. The State must not close its pockets or else this money will not flow out. That has always been Mr Lang's idea, and it has met with much approval from the New South Wales Labour Party, the strongest in Australia. But Mr Lang did not at first add to this policy another easy way of getting money to spend, which was to repudiate the payment of interest on the Australian National Debt to the Motherland and the United States.

Such repudiation is a simple way of keeping money in Australia. The flaw in it is that no more money will be lent to a defaulting country. Mr Lang declares himself a friend of the underdog, and so he may be, but he chooses the worst way of helping him.

#### Federal Government's Action

The Australian Federal Government, after consultation with the Premiers of all the Australian States, agreed, while Mr Scullin, a Labour man, was Commonwealth Prime Minister, on reductions of salaries, reduction of wages, economies which everyone would share, and Australia as a whole rose nobly to the emergency, as the C.N. noted at the time.

But when Mr Lang became Labour Premier of New South Wales with a powerful majority he brought forward his fine new plan and invited the States Conference to do likewise for the whole of Australia.

This easy Lang plan for making money was adopted with enthusiasm by the Lang Party and New South Wales refused to pay its share.

#### April Fool's Day

But if New South Wales did not pay, the other honest States would have to pay more and take up the burden of the defaulting State. The Commonwealth of Australia on their behalf issued writs against New South Wales.

Mr Lang did not mind that except in so far as it prevented him from borrowing more money from New York or London. When that source of supply failed he endeavoured to make up the deficit in the New South Wales Budget by clapping fresh taxes on "those who could pay" and by trying to raise a loan from the investors and banks of New South Wales.

It was on April Fool's Day of last year that New South Wales defaulted, and the Commonwealth Government had to pay £800,000 on its account, a sum which has doubled since, and is still piling up.

But this was not Mr Lang's only difference with Authority. The Legis-

## TENPENNY SHILLINGS

A VERY interesting suggestion for the adoption of a British decimal currency is made by Dr William Wright Hardwicke, and, while it is doubtless open to criticism, it is certainly worth notice.

It is pointed out that not only do we require a decimal system to facilitate business but that our standard unit of money is too big. Other nations have adopted low-value units with success, and it is urged that we should follow their example.

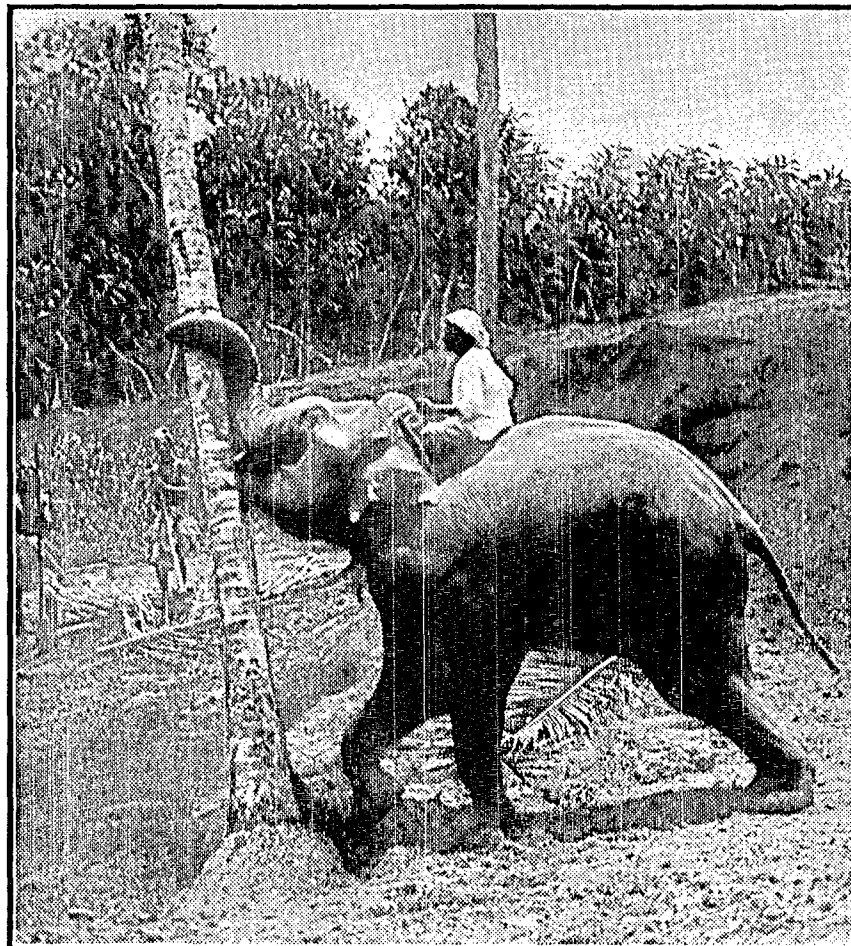
The suggestion is that, instead of framing a British decimal system by beginning with the Pound, we should start with the humble Penny and

create a new shilling of ten pennies. This would be our standard unit, as the franc is the standard unit of France and the mark that of Germany.

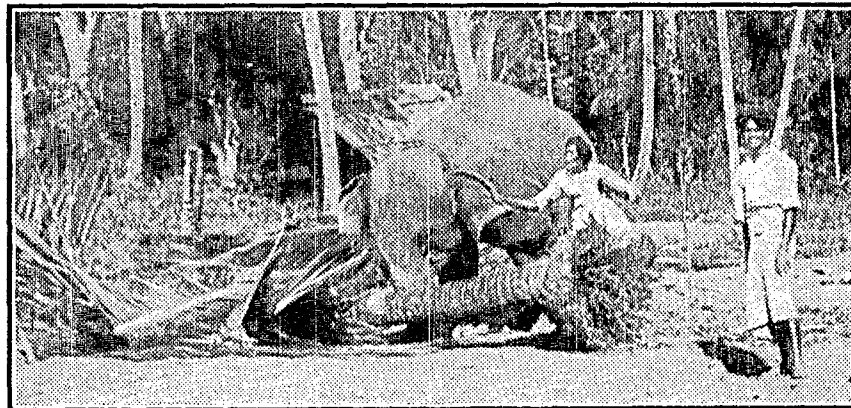
Thus we should avoid an enormous amount of trouble and inconvenience, for many of the transactions of the people are now based on the penny. Innumerable things are worked in pennies, such as the Insurance Act, Customs duties, taxes, licences, postal charges, assessments and rates, railway and bus fares, and the prices of newspapers.

Starting the new system with the tenpenny shilling the new pound would consist of twenty such tenpenny shillings.

## TREES FELLED BY ELEPHANTS



Uprooting a tall palm at Kandy in Ceylon



Moving a fallen palm

In India and Ceylon the elephant is a very good friend of Man, earning its keep by performing many useful tasks, such as clearing the land of trees, as we see in these pictures.

Continued from the previous column

lative Council of New South Wales threw out his spendthrift Bill for raising money. He therefore tried to persuade the Governor, Sir Philip Game, to swamp it by creating a number of new Councillors of the Lang way of thinking. Sir Philip Game suggested a round table conference of all parties instead. That expedient Mr Lang refused, and showed no desire to go to the country in a General Election over the crisis.

Meanwhile the finances of New South Wales went from bad to worse and Mr Lang naturally failed to borrow more money from the Loan Council of Australia while the Commonwealth was still paying his debts. The last effort of the Commonwealth to get its money

took the form of trying to lay its hands on the funds derived from the New South Wales Income Tax and the papers relating to it.

Mr Lang countered by locking up the Income Tax Office in Sydney, and for the time being this was the last step in his Rake's Progress. But he has already split the Labour Party in his own State, and the results of last year's Federal Elections, which displaced Mr Scullin, the Labour Premier, and scattered his supporters, show the damage which Mr Lang has done to the Labour cause throughout Australia.

The next step to Australia's rehabilitation will be the disappearance of its Hitler, who seeks to make his tail wag the dog.

## NEWS FROM SEVEN COUNTRIES

### MAKING THE BEST OF IT

#### How the Children Are Helping Things Along in Hard-up Year

#### EVERYBODY DOING SOMETHING

No country has a monopoly of hard times. There is suffering nearly everywhere this year.

No people have a monopoly of common sense either, as the notes from many lands which reach the C.N. prove in telling what schoolchildren are doing here and there to relieve the distress around them.

**SWEDEN.** In Stockholm early in March notices appeared in the papers asking people to make up parcels of used clothing and underwear, ready for the visit of the Boy Scouts, who planned to make a systematic canvass of the city on a given day.

#### Children as Dinner Guests

**POLAND.** The children have worked out a system for booking meals in private homes for children whose parents are unemployed. A family able to do so agrees to take a dinner guest for a week, a month, or the winter, according to its circumstances.

**ESTONIA.** In Tallinn, the capital, a Central Relief Committee has been formed to meet the emergency. The schoolchildren have decided that one of the ways they can serve this committee is by collecting firewood in the forests for needy families.

**UNITED STATES.** The members of the Junior Red Cross of Newark, New Jersey, have made an enviable record for themselves. They were able in 1931 to collect 3000 pairs of shoes and 6000 garments for the unemployed. They also provided several tons of coal and 4000 tins of fruit and vegetables for distribution through the city welfare office. They even found employment for 45 people.

#### Helping the Hospitals

**AUSTRALIA.** Junior Red Cross groups in Australia have made it their special task to help to raise money for the hospitals, which are finding their resources sorely decreased. One of their ingenious ideas is to collect kitchen scraps and sell them to poultry keepers for a few pennies which, when pooled, grow into pounds.

**GERMANY.** German children bring clothing, shoes, books, and toys to school to be distributed. Boys and girls volunteer to come to school during their free time to mend the things in need of repair.

#### Association for Self-Help

**ALBANIA.** In certain Government institutions where education and lodging are provided for Albanian boys books and clothing are supposed to come from home, a thing which is often impossible in present circumstances. So the pupils of the Nain Frasheri Institute in Tirana have formed an association for self-help under the direction of the Red Cross. The school had 50 hens, food enough from the table scraps to keep 200, and space enough for a thousand. It turned these fowls over to the boys on the understanding that the profits were to go to the cooperative fund. In addition the boys keep pigeons and run a small tuck-shop. The income from these three enterprises runs to about £2 a month. With this money 50 boys have been fitted out with under things, and 20 with shirts, shoes, and stockings.

"Not so very different from the sort of thing we're doing," our readers will say at some point in this story. That is just it. Trouble wears much the same face right round the world, and it does pluck in meeting it.



## BRITISH CAMERAS AS FOREIGNERS

### The Height of the Ridiculous

While all of us are begged to Buy British we ought to be sure that what we buy will remain British.

That is not the case with the British camera. When it has been out of the country five years it is treated as if it were a foreigner. By the working of the new tariff it is taxed 50 per cent import duty if it attempts to return. A Canadian camera is admitted at a low duty, but an English camera five years old comes back as a foreigner!

Long ago W. S. Gilbert sang of the pride of the sailor of H.M.S. Pinafore who, in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, remained an Englishman. But the poor camera has no choice. After five years sojourning abroad, even when employed on British work by a firm of British contractors at Mombasa, it became an alien immigrant.

## A BEAUTIFUL MEMORIAL

Lakeland has given two great Ambassadors to the United States, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice and Lord Howard of Penrith.

Sir Cecil died some time ago, and a beautiful stone bridge overlooking Lake Ullswater has been built as a memorial to him. This district is his birthplace, and is famous for a dashing waterfall, Aira Force. The wooden bridge has done service for many years and was regarded as not too safe.

All lovers of the Lake Country will be glad to hear of this dignified and useful memorial, built of the blue stone native to the district.

## THE CHALET FOR GUIDES

*It is more important for girls to have an international meeting-place than for boys. As the future mothers of Europe it is essential that they should be friendly with all nations.*

So said the Chief Scout, speaking of the new Girl Guide International Chalet at Adelboden, the beautiful valley in the Swiss Alps.

During B.P.'s forthcoming tour of Europe he will visit Adelboden, and the Guide Chalet will be officially opened in July.

## OUR EMPTY SHIPYARDS

So serious is the slump in shipbuilding that in the first quarter of this year only 26,000 tons of new ships were begun in British shipyards.

The greater part of our shipyards are empty, and so small is the demand for new vessels that in all the world last quarter the number of new ships begun was only 80,000 tons.

We have to go back 46 years to find a period when so little work was being done in our shipyards.

## A TOOTH

The other day an auction for charity was held in a Milan theatre, and one of the objects offered for sale was a wisdom tooth from Gabriele d'Annunzio.

The Commune bought it for 3000 lira, about £30.

We fear they have acquired more tooth than wisdom, though the wisdom of the owner of the tooth is accounted not great in itself.

## THE LIVE SALESMAN

Scene—a shop in Manchester which was recently a hive of industry in the buying of gold. The windows display the following notice:

*You have dug up your gold!  
Now start on your garden.*

The poster is surrounded with all the alluring tools needed for the garden and all the aids to growing.

## THE HAPPY SCOUTS OF MANCHESTER

### A Cottage of Their Own

A cottage standing on a wooded slope 1200 feet high in Macclesfield Forest is to be the Manchester Rover Scouts' new Guest House.

It needed a lot of alteration, and the Rovers are doing it themselves, building a new stairway, laying the floors, paneling the walls, and making furniture.

For beds they have been given berths by the Cunard and Furness Lines, so that quite a number of them will be able to sleep in the cottage at a time. They hope to get everything ready for a Whitsun house-warming.

## AN UMBRELLA STORY

If the head of the Lost Property Office were asked what people are in the habit of forgetting most often he would surely reply, "An umbrella."

But there is a man in London today who remembered his umbrella in the most surprising circumstances.

He went into a telephone box at Piccadilly Circus Tube Station and put down his umbrella and attaché case. It was such an interesting conversation that he forgot to pick up the attaché case. There was £10,000 worth of diamonds and emeralds in it. But he remembered his umbrella.

When the unlucky diamond broker realised what he had done and rushed back to the telephone box the attaché case had vanished. He had lost a fortune and saved his umbrella.

## LESSONS BY KINEMA

Since our reference to the splendid use made of the kinema in the Thames Road Council School at Blackpool we have heard of two other towns where school lessons are helped by the kinema.

At Reigate Grammar School educational pictures have been shown for some years, and the boys have lately bought a new electrically-worked machine.

In Birmingham one of the masters of the Alston Road Council School is showing educational films at one of the local kinemas every Saturday morning. About 1500 children from a dozen schools pay a penny each to see these films, which as far as possible bear on the subjects they are studying at school.

## ONE BLIND RAT

It is only the other week that we printed the story of the antelope near Kilimanjaro found acting guide to a smaller antelope which was blind. Now we hear the same sort of story about some rats. This is how it comes to us in a letter from a reader.

A friend of mine was sitting by the roadside when she saw a large rat coming down the road with a straw in its mouth. A smaller rat was holding on to the other end of the straw, a little behind the first.

As this strange couple passed my friend saw that the smaller of the two was blind. It was being led to a near-by pond by its guide.

## ONE TAX GOES

It is pleasant to hear that somewhere on Earth there is a tax which is about to be dropped.

This is the tax called Kawa, levied by the Bedouin tribes in the Mosul district of Iraq.

No one can remember when the tax was first claimed, but for generations it has been the custom of the tribes of that region to take a toll from the flocks of sheep and the caravans of goods crossing the desert to the markets of Syria.

Careful scrutiny shows no legal basis for this tax, and it is proposed to do away with it as an undesirable survival from the bad old times.

## To Mothers Everywhere

*A celluloid toy may cost your child its life. Do not have it in your home.*

## GROW MORE LUCERNE

### The Farmer's Neglect

Lucerne, also called alfalfa, is a valuable fodder crop too much neglected in our country.

It belongs to the pea family, and, like most of its relations, greatly improves the soil on which it is grown as well as producing a crop valuable in itself.

The roots of lucerne penetrate the soil deeply, and thus utilise the sub-soil, rendering it nitrogenous. In France it is regarded as the principal fodder in the cheese and dairy districts and in Germany it is regarded as the best preparatory crop before sugar beet. Mr Christopher Turnor, the well-known agricultural authority, has shown that after growing lucerne for five years and ploughing it in it is possible to grow good corn and root crops for eight years without using manure. That is because lucerne fertilises the soil.

Why does the British farmer so much neglect such a splendid crop?

## THE DONKEY-BOY AND THE TIGER

A 12-year-old boy of Sassari, in Sardinia, was driving his donkey cart along the street when suddenly his heart stood still with fright. In front of him was a tiger.

It had escaped from a travelling circus, and was evidently very hungry, for after sniffing at the boy, who beat it off with his whip, it pounced on the poor donkey and killed it.

Jumping from his cart the boy ran into the nearest house. The alarm spread to the barracks near by, and some of the soldiers rushed to the rescue and were able to shoot the tiger.

## A LADY

It has been an old joke against women that they put the most important messages into a postscript.

Once Lady Cooper, the widow of Sir Edward Cooper, justified that taunt. She was asked to attend a meeting of the City Maternity Hospital, and wrote to say that she could not come, adding: "P.S. Put me down for £1000."

That was just like her warm heart; and now that her warm heart beats no more the City charities will miss her sorely.

She was not merely a figure-head, this former Lady Mayoress.

Into public-houses she went fearlessly with her collecting-box and her charming smile.

She practised what she preached; if she asked rough men for pennies, she also wrote "P.S. Put me down for £1000."

So the City loved her. She was made a freeman of the Musicians Company and the Barber Surgeons Company, a Lady of Grace of the Order of the Hospital of St John, and a C.B.E.

But she had made herself a Lady of Grace long before the King did so.

## SHIP MANNED BY OFFICERS

So many of our merchant ships are now idle for want of cargoes that tens of thousands of men and thousands of officers are seeking work.

The state of the case is illustrated by the arrival at Liverpool from Argentina of a British liner whose deck hands are all certificated ship's officers glad to draw the pay of ordinary able seamen.

So with the engine-room. The oilers are all certificated engineers.

## A NEW IDEA FOR HORSES

We all know how soft and easy rubber is to walk upon, and how springy crêpe rubber soles make our feet feel on a long walk.

Hungary has invented rubber horse-shoes, writes someone from Budapest, so that now our friends the horses will know that feeling too. They are said to add springiness to the horse's movement and to prevent fatigue.

## GOVERNMENTS AND MUSICIANS

### Common Sense and Good Feeling

It is excellent to know that British actors, musicians, and other performers are not so ill-advised as to endeavour to place a ban on the performances of foreigners in Britain.

The Ministry of Labour has explained that no first-class actor has been refused admission to this country, and that no exclusion at all is made until the Ministry has taken the advice of a responsible theatrical body. The Ministry states that the refusals are only one in twenty.

We deeply regret that a Bill has been introduced into the United States Congress to exclude all British actors and actresses. This goes to show how narrow the spirit of nationalism has become. It is a spirit which, if carried much farther, will reduce the value of the world to all its people.

## THE TARIFF WALL STOPS A TRAIN

Chile has placed a tariff on Argentine cattle and has thereby brought an international railway to a standstill; one more mad result of the High Tariff Walls which are ruining the world.

Between these two States runs the famous Transandine Railway, which, with other railways linked to it, is British-owned. When Chile raised her tariff wall so high as to stop the trade in cattle the loss to the railway proved so great that the management closed the line to passenger traffic as well as to freight. The sum lost was at least a million pounds.

Travel between the States has been carried on by aeroplane, motor-car, and a roundabout railway via Antofagasta.

## THE RUBBISH OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

I was never more shocked in my life than when I saw that disgraceful collection of abominable buildings on the Sussex coast between Brighton and Seaford. They have been erected without a shred of imagination, without a shred of discrimination in the lay-out of the land, and without a shred of regard for the amenities, or the relation of one house to another or one road to another.

It would be a mercy if the whole area was swept away and buried in the depths of the sea. It is a disgrace to the country, to the owners of the land, and to the people who have gone to live there.

Dr Raymond Unwin

## WHO LOVES PALL MALL?

We are glad to see that Dover is objecting to the everlasting carrying of coal along its sea-front.

May we hope that somebody will object to the everlasting delivery of coal in Pall Mall, where it is often necessary to cross the road to avoid the coal-dust storm outside the great clubs at nine o'clock in the morning?

We see that the Pall Mall clock is still telling the wrong time differently on both faces, as it has been doing for nearly two years; and we are not surprised that Pall Mall has more places to let than ever before in its history.

Nobody seems to love Pall Mall in these days, or to care for it.

## HEAVY OIL TRANSPORT

Progress continues to be made in the adaptation of motor-vehicles to heavy oil fuel.

It is stated that recently two heavy goods lorries, with trailers, ran from London to Aberdeen, a distance of 560 miles, at a cost of only £1 each for fuel.

This is a very remarkable record. One advantage of the heavy-oil vehicle is that it is not so subject to the danger of fire as is the petrol-driven engine.

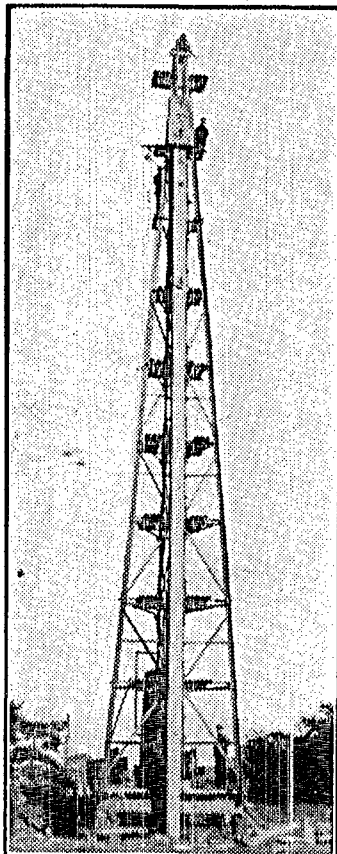


May 7, 1932

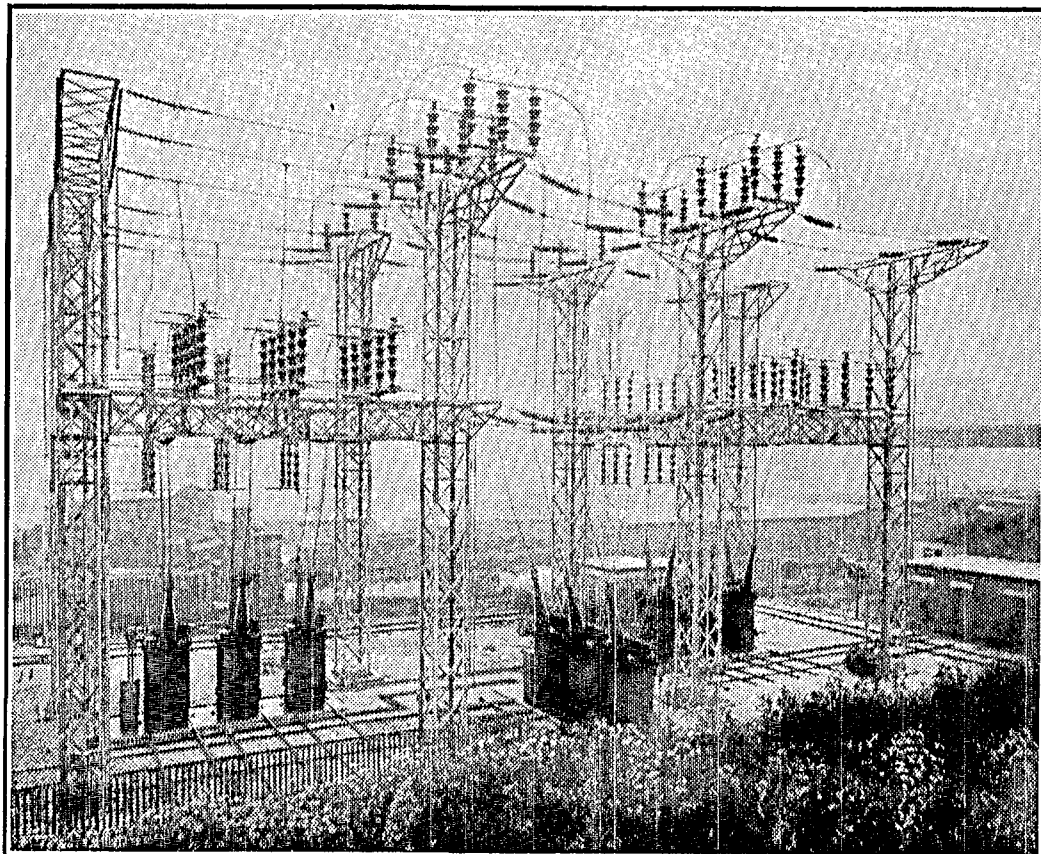
*The Children's Newspaper*

9

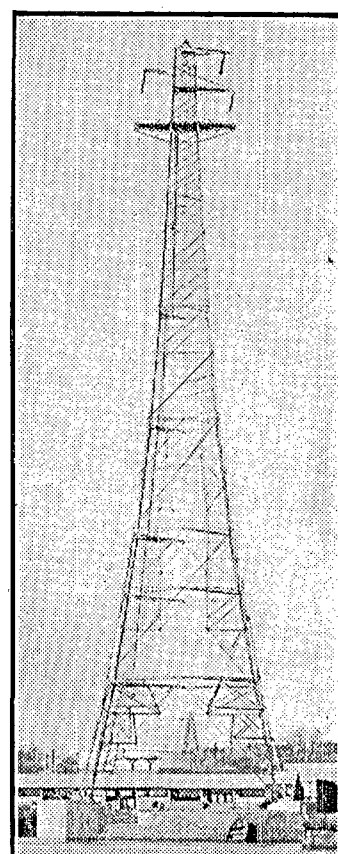
# THE MAGICAL GRID THAT IS SPREADING ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE



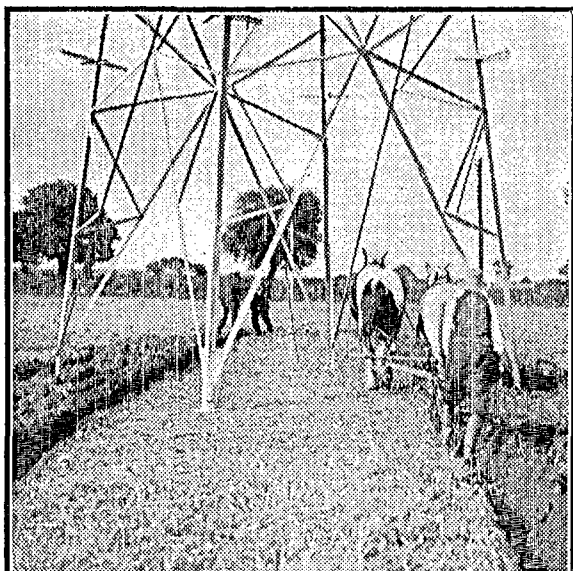
A pile-driver making a foundation for a giant tower



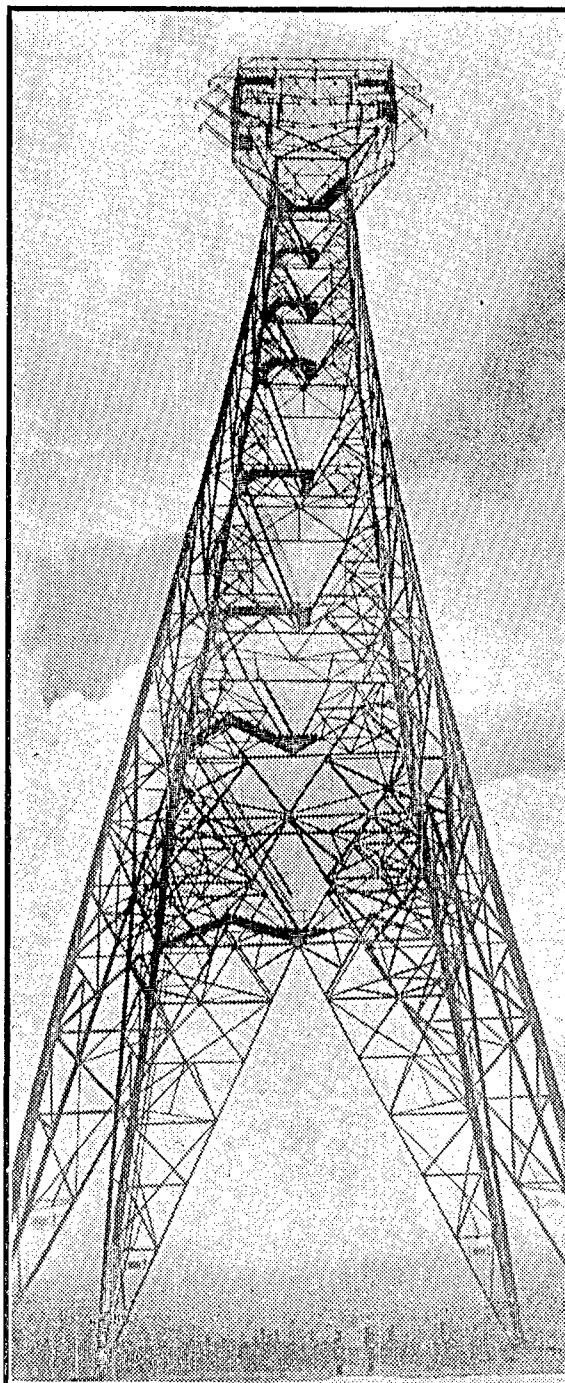
The 132,000-volt switching station at Rotherham



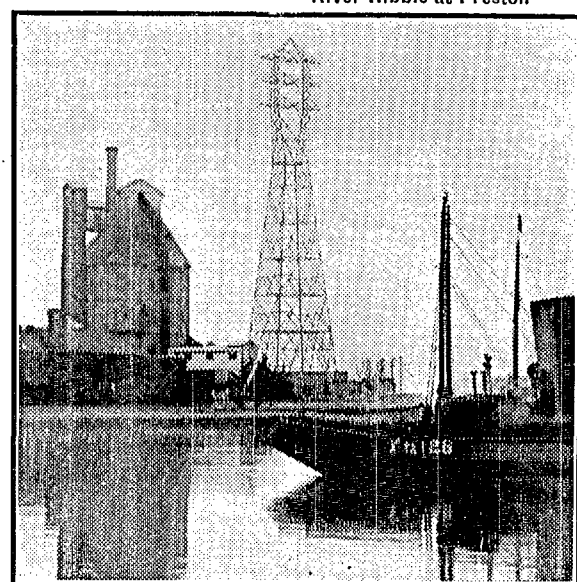
A crossing-tower by the River Ribble at Preston



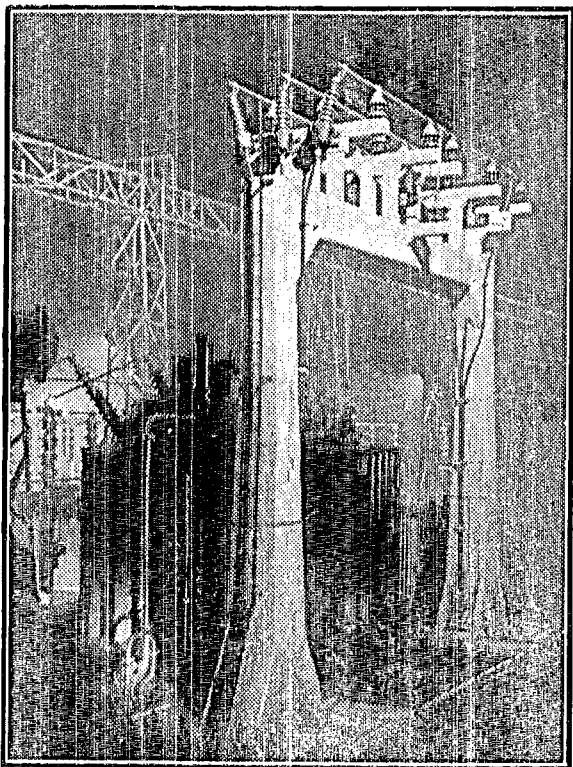
Ploughing under a transmission tower



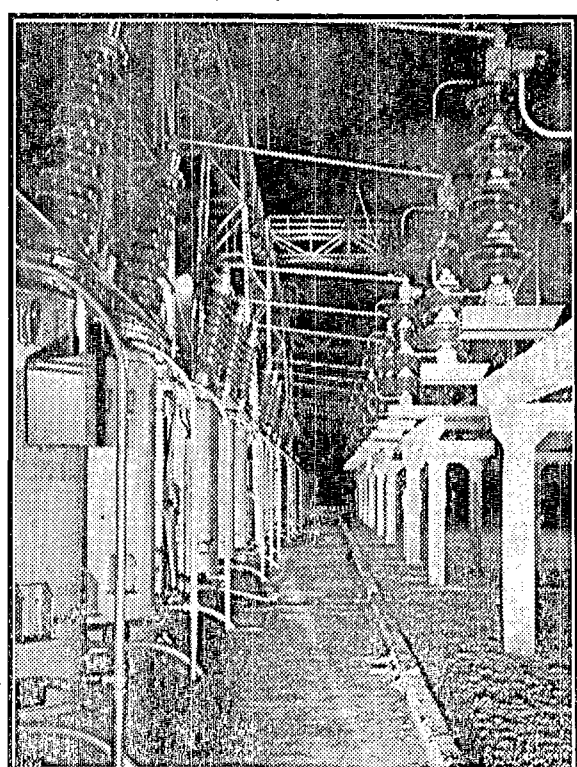
One of the highest towers, 362 feet, at Barking Creek



A crossing-tower by the Yare at Yarmouth



Transformers at a station near Preston



A night scene at a big switching station

The steel towers that are rising throughout the land bring home to many people the progress that is being made in coordinating the electricity supplies of the country. Before many years there should be no reason why the remotest villages should not have electric light and power. On page 4 is a description of the recent work of the Central Electricity Board.



## THE HOME OFFICE AND THE NATION

Sir Herbert Samuel on  
Its Powers

### ELEMENTS OF OUR NATIONAL GREATNESS

One of the very best speeches ever made by a Home Secretary in the House of Commons was that of Sir Herbert Samuel on our social conditions. We take this passage from it.

The Home Office had to deal in relation to cinemas, other performances, and certain classes of literature and publications, with many matters which touched some of the worst features in modern civilisation.

There were in our midst certain tendencies of an indecent and degrading kind. We had got rid to a great extent of drunkenness as a national vice, but there were still dangers in other directions. The British people was, as it had always been, on its guard against those tendencies. It was easy to scoff at the bourgeois respectability of the Victorians, but there was a good deal of healthy instinct in those conventions; it was a reaction from the looseness of the period of the Regency which had preceded it.

### What We Should Maintain

There was in the British people now, as there had always been, a very earnest desire for clean living, for decent ordered family life. It was essential that we should maintain that character, for the sake not only of our influence in the world, but for the sake of our influence in our own Commonwealth. How far the State could intervene by the power of the law to repress the manifestations of these undesirable tendencies was another matter.

Freedom also was of importance, and was an integral element in the British character, and between these two conflicting claims the position of the Home Secretary of the day was never an easy one. Without exercising the power to suppress by the force of law tendencies which were undesirable the State could exercise a very powerful influence and power of leadership in helping to set the tone of national life; but it must mainly rest with public opinion itself. It should not be chary in expressing itself to help to remove whatever was unwholesome and ignoble in our drama, in our cinemas, or in our literature, and so to restore and maintain the cleanliness and dignity which were essential elements in national greatness.

### LIKE A MIRACLE

We have often heard of someone giving his blood to save another's life.

Now we hear of someone who gave his blood to save his own life.

The operation has been described as a miracle of modern science.

A Pittsburgh schoolboy, Russell Evans, was severely injured in a motor accident, and internal haemorrhage followed. He could not have survived so much loss of blood.

A leading surgeon, Dr Frederic Morris, transferred the blood thus lost to a container which kept it at body heat. The blood was filtered and injected through a vein in the boy's arm.

### 15 MILLION VOLTS

Not long ago the C.N. described new electric generators being made in America to give a million volts.

Not long afterwards a bigger generator was made which gave two million volts.

Now an X-ray tube for the examination of metals has been made which requires fifteen million volts, and a huge transformer has been built to give this amazing voltage.

At the same time the University of Chicago is making experiments with ten million volts, in the hope of learning more about the structure of matter.

## HE GAVE HIS FORTUNE

What a Man Will Do  
For England

### SAVING DUNGENESS

One of the hundreds of fair corners of England's coast that have been in danger of being ruined by ugly bungalows and old railway carriages is the Dungeness promontory in Kent.

Some of us have heard that it has been saved for the nation by Mr R. B. Burrowes, who has guaranteed to find £9000 in three years; and of course we have thought of him as a rich man.

How delightful, we have thought, to be so rich that you can live in comfort and give £9000 away to save a fine bit of scenery!

But now we learn that Mr Burrowes is not a rich man after all.

### The Little Kentish Plover

The £9000 represents his whole fortune. Last year he had to retire from his work under an age limit. He is neither rich nor young, but he loves England so truly that he is prepared to sacrifice all he has to save from ruin "the only level part of any considerable size of the south-east coast still left in its natural state."

The promontory is the only place in England where the little Kentish Plover is known to nest; and many other wild birds have made it their nursery ever since our isle rose from the sea. It is to become a bird sanctuary and open space for ever.

The Manager of Lloyds Bank at Folkestone has opened a Dungeness Fund, and we hope the generous Mr Burrowes will not have to pay the whole £9000, yet he is legally bound to do that if the money is not subscribed.

It was necessary to guarantee the purchase money in order to save the land, and he took the great burden on his own shoulders.

## THE UNHOLY WAR OF BARZAN

Ahmad the False Prophet

Ahmad of Barzan, who scours the frontiers of Kurdistan and Iraq with his Kurdish brigands, is in bad odour.

So ill is his fame and so alarming are his deeds that the Air Force of Iraq and a strong force of men and guns had to be sent to suppress him. Similar action against turbulent sheikhs with an ingrained taste for marauding has been taken before; but Ahmad of Barzan is in a class by himself.

He began as a Crusader of the hills, a violent reformer who, having invented a new religion of his own, wished to impose it on his less enlightened neighbours; and he followed a precedent many centuries old by adding pillage and bloodshed to his religious arguments.

At first the Iraq Government viewed Ahmad's powerful persuasion with pained distaste, but when the neighbours began to complain, as well they might, they found it necessary to take steps.

These steps are such as are likely to be painful to Ahmad's feelings; but as ordinary means fail to make any impression on him or his ruffianly followers sympathy would be wasted on this false prophet.

More sympathy is due to the British force which, in circumstances of a great deal of peril, has been sent to circumvent him and has already suffered casualties that have sufficed to bring Ahmad Barzan's name and ill-fame to the notice of the House of Commons.

### FARADAY'S NEPHEW

Mr Howard Barnard, a grandnephew of Michael Faraday, has just died. As a young man he was the model from which his uncle Fred Barnard drew his well-known picture of Sydney Carton on the scaffold.

## FEWER GOODS COMING IN

How Trade Has Changed

British trade is continuing to change rapidly in its character. The Board of Trade shows that in March our imports fell considerably as compared with March last year.

To give the figures roundly, in March this year our imports were worth 61 millions, whereas in March 1931 they were worth 71 millions. The imports of manufactured articles fell heavily, for they were only 13 millions, whereas in March 1931 they were over 22 millions.

### Effect of the Tariff

On the other hand, our imports of raw materials rose from 15 to over 16 millions, which is good. Nearly all the important categories of manufactured imports fell.

March was the first month in which the general customs tariff of 10 per cent came into operation, in addition to the 50 per cent abnormal imports duty on certain goods. In anticipation of the tariff there were imports of manufactured articles in February amounting to over 20 millions; so drastic was the effect of the import duty that this figure was, as we have said, reduced to only 13 millions in March.

Turning to the exports of British goods we find they were 31 millions, whereas in the previous March they were 34 millions. The decline was therefore much less than in the imports.

### The Balance of Trade

What is sometimes called the Balance of Trade, the margin between imports and exports, has now fallen considerably, and it cannot be said that we are purchasing imports that we cannot pay for out of current income.

In March our exports of British goods were roundly 30 millions less than our imports. In addition we exported over five millions worth of imported goods, which reduced the balance of trade to about 24 millions, a rate of less than 300 millions a year. This 300 millions is more than covered by our shipping earnings, interest receivable on overseas investments, and so on. This fact, no doubt, has operated to improve the exchange value of the pound, which is now considerably higher than it was a few months ago.

## SLUMP IN HOSIERY IMPORTS

Hosiery takes a prominent place among the trades which have undergone great changes through the application of import duties.

The facts are so curious that we give the chief items, which mean so much to Leicester and other hosiery towns.

In fancy and other hosiery made of cotton 57,000 dozens were imported in March last year, but only 7000 dozens in March this year.

Of woollen hosiery nearly 21,000 dozens were imported in March last year and only 500 dozens this year.

Turn to stockings and hose. Of cotton stockings 380,000 dozen pairs were imported in March 1931; and 103,000 dozen pairs in March this year.

Of artificial silk stockings and hose the imports in March 1931 were 255,000 dozen pairs: this was reduced to less than 18,000 dozens.

Taking all sorts of apparel together (including garments, hosiery, gloves, hats, and so on) the imports in March last year were worth nearly £2,000,000, whereas this year they were worth only £592,000.

Miss Gadsby of Leicester, who has just died at 95, worked for a local firm for 86 years.

A well-known electrical firm in Holland has produced an electrically-propelled bicycle which is being made under licence by five manufacturers.

## WHO HAS A PIED PIPER?

AUSTRALIA'S PLAGUE  
OF MICE

Tragic Story of Damage to  
Food and Crops

### A BOY'S BAG

Will somebody please tell the Pied Piper of Hamelin that he is wanted in Australia?

Three thousand square miles of country on the borders of New South Wales and Victoria are suffering from a plague of mice. The Pied Piper made rats his speciality, but there is no doubt that if he understood the damage that the mice are doing he would turn his attention to them—and we can assure him that this time he will be promptly paid.

### Feasting in Grocer's Shops

The ordinary household which catches an occasional mouse in a trap, or keeps a good mouser to do the work, cannot possibly conceive what such a plague of mice can mean. The mice appear in hordes. They feast in grocer's shops, burrow into beds, eat blankets, clothing, and even the costly bindings of books in the public libraries.

Their chief damage, however, is to wheatstacks and haystacks, and this loss is a severe one to many farmers. To obviate double handling this year many farmers intended to leave much of the wheat in stacks at the country railway sidings, so that it could be railed direct to the ship's side later on in the shipping season. So great a menace has the mouse plague become that all the wheat is being sent to Geelong and Williamstown as quickly as possible; nearly seven million bags have been handled already.

### A Marvellous Time

The cats and terriers of the district had a marvellous time during the first few days of the plague, but even they have grown tired of it. They just look at the mice and then curl up and go to sleep. Boys are in their element; some of them secure bags of more than 800 a night. Hundreds of mice are trapped nightly in one house; and mounds of dead mice are burned every day.

The Shire Secretary of Birchip says that the mice have taken possession of the town. All food has to be locked up; grocers have to clear their shelves of anything that might be attacked and put it in lead-lined cases.

When a mice plague comes before the harvest is gathered the story is just as tragic a one. Acres and acres of ripening wheat are laid bare and nothing stops that steady advance. See *World Map*

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to C.N. Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

What is the Origin of All My Eye and Betty Martin?

No one knows. It is said to be a corruption of *O mihi Beate Martine*, an invocation to St Martin; or possibly a variant of the French *Parler d'autre martin* (to be obstinate or self-opinionated).

Why is the Great Dam in Bombay Called Lloyd's Dam?

After Lord Lloyd, who was Governor of Bombay from 1918 to 1923.

What is the Rule of the Road For Pedestrians?

There is no rule. We should walk the safe way always: *Facing the traffic*.

If we walk left on the pavement we shall be facing the near traffic on the road, and shall not be in danger of being hit behind if we step off. Where there is no pavement we should walk on the *Right* for the same reason. The rule for walking is therefore the same as the rule for driving, except where there is no pavement, when we reverse it.



May 7, 1932

## The Children's Newspaper

11

VENUS AND SOME  
WONDERFUL SUNSThe Brilliant Crescent  
HOW TO OBSERVE IT

By the C.N. Astronomer

On Monday, May 9, the splendid Venus will hang like a lovely lamp beneath the crescent Moon, and only about four times the Moon's apparent width away.

Venus is now approaching her greatest brilliancy. This will be reached by May 22, after which she will rapidly diminish in brightness, although still coming nearer to us. The reason for this is that her crescent will be getting more and more slender as she comes between the Earth and the Sun, just as the crescent of the waning Moon does, but with the difference that the crescent of Venus gets bigger as it gets thinner owing to the planet's coming nearer.

At present Venus is about 50 million miles away, but in six-weeks time this will be reduced to about 30 million, after which, as she comes still closer, we shall not see her, owing to her apparent proximity to the Sun.

## A Hint to Observers

As Venus gets nearer during these coming weeks it will become possible to see her crescent through powerful binoculars or field-glasses. A piece of tinted glass, or part of a photograph film, should be placed in front of the eyepiece end of the glasses to subdue the radiant glare around the tiny crescent which otherwise tends to obscure it.

On the evenings of May 7 and 8, that is before the Moon gets too near, the glasses will show Venus above a splendid starry region of the constellation of Gemini, the stars Mu in Gemini and the wonderful Eta in Gemini being below Venus and about ten times the Moon's apparent width away.

These will appear in the same field of view of the field-glasses and about four times the Moon's width apart. They will be seen to be quite bright stars. Now each one is composed of two immense suns.

## Pulsating Suns of Eta

Mu, the most easterly, is about 125 light-years away, whereas the light from Venus at her present distance takes only about four and a half minutes, from which we may gain some idea of their relative distances.

Eta, to the right of Mu, is still farther off, the light from its immense suns taking 204 years to reach us. The largest of these suns of Eta is a giant sun which expands and contracts over a period of 229 days. These are known as pulsating suns—how trying it would be if we had such a sun in our sky!

Above and to the right of Eta, about as far as Eta appears from Mu, will be seen a weird wisp of light somewhat triangular in shape. This light comes from a marvellous cluster of thousands of suns and is known generally as Star Cluster Messier 35.

Powerful glasses might reveal some of these suns as scintillating points of light, but in large telescopes the scene is gorgeous, the stars being spread like glittering dust over an area of the sky equal to about one-third of the apparent width of the Moon.

## Thousands of Light-Years Away

The suns of this magnificent cluster are at various distances estimated to amount to some thousands of light-years; nevertheless, on a fine and dark night when no artificial lights are about it is possible to see the light from this cluster of suns with the naked eye, light which left them long before the English nation came into existence.

Thus we may from these few comparisons, even in this small section of the firmament, realise how vast are the distances as compared with that of Venus, the nearest world, whose light takes but little more than four minutes to reach us and the various stars we have referred to

G. F. M.

L. N. P.  
League of Nations  
Pioneers

## CHILDREN KNOW NO FRONTIERS

Number of Branches—1215

A fine piece of news for Peace Pioneers everywhere comes from the Continent this week.

Frontiers are among the greatest foes of world friendship, but a delightful little piece of "frontier breaking" has just been carried out by the Quaker centres in Paris and Frankfurt. Between them they arranged for 26 children from 20 homes of unemployed parents in Frankfurt, Germany, to spend some weeks in French homes.

So that the children should feel as much at home as possible the hosts were all chosen in Alsace, where the elder people at any rate mostly understood German. But since the Great War Alsace has been a part of France, and most of the younger people are intensely French in their sympathies.

## The Bars to Friendship

Just before the children were about to start, however, a hitch occurred with regard to passports—another of those bars to friendship which should be done away with as soon as possible.

The matter was referred by Miss Dorothy Henkel, the English Quaker worker in Frankfurt, to Richard Cary, the American Quaker in Berlin. He went to see the French Ambassador in Germany, with the result that not only was permission given, but no charge was made for the permit.

Writing to her friends about this valuable piece of work for Franco-German understanding Miss Henkel says: "I think I am just as thrilled by the pass as I am to know that an American Friend in Berlin has been helping an English Friend in Frankfurt to get German children to France. That seems a piece of real cooperation between Friends Centres in a common international work."

Here is another true story of the way Friends are helping to break down frontiers. When a Lancashire Quaker lady took a party of schoolgirls to Hamburg last year some friends gave them a present of £2 to be used in Germany. On their arrival they found there was a great need for milk among needy children, and so they devoted the money to this object.

## English School's German Uncle

Previously one of these English girls had stayed with a Berlin family, and the father of the family was subsequently adopted as "Uncle" of her school in England. Last Christmas, without knowing what had been done in Hamburg, he sent 10s to Lancashire, saying it was a joy to remember those "less well off" than himself. On the recommendation of the school medical officer this money was devoted to milk for necessitous children in Lancashire.

Four German children, two boys and two girls, from the Landschulheim at Solling in Germany have been spending the spring term at Sidcot, the Quaker School in Somerset. They have entered fully into the life of the school, and the boys have especially distinguished themselves at rugby. The headmaster reports at the end of the term that Sidcot has learned at least as much from them as they have learned from Sidcot.

## How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed: L.N.P.,

15, Grosvenor Crescent,  
London, S.W.1.No L.N.P. letters to be  
sent to the C.N. office.Each application  
should enclose six-  
pence for card and badge, with your  
full name, age, birthday, and school.

The L.N.P. Badge

A CHIMNEYSWEEP'S  
BOYHas the Last of Them  
Passed Away?

The last chimneysweep's boy (we think he is the last) is dead.

He was Mr Albion Knight of Portsmouth, who was born 87 years ago.

In those days sweeps used to make very small boys climb up inside chimneys to sweep away the soot. They came down half choked, with grazed knees and bleeding hands. Sometimes they stuck fast. Often they were so frightened that the sweep had to thrash them before they would go up the chimneys again. Such a sweep was Grimes, the villain of Charles Kingsley's *Water Babies*.

## The Baby Slaves

Tender-hearted people were disturbed by the suffering of these baby slaves; and hard-hearted people said that it was no use to be sentimental, because chimneys must be swept. Well, chimneys are swept today, although Victorian reformers abolished the chimneysweep's boy long ago.

Albion Knight began life as a sweep's boy, but as soon as he could he got away from the hateful chimneys and went to sea. The hardships and dangers of the old merchant service were not so bad as the black chimneys. In after years he took to chimney-sweeping again, but as a master man, not a boy slave, and for some time he could boast that he was sweep to Buckingham Palace.

He lived on to see an England where no one else could realise the terrible truth behind Blake's poem:

*When my mother died I was very young,  
And my father sold me while yet my tongue  
Could scarcely cry Weep! weep! weep!  
weep!*

*So your chimneys I sweep and in soot I  
sleep.*

FRIENDS OF PEACE  
The Young People Who May  
Save the World

On the opening day of the Disarmament Conference a Youth Crusade started to march toward Geneva.

From England, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Spain, Denmark, and other European countries they came, holding meetings in the towns and villages on their way and drawing many hundreds of listeners. Wherever they passed more people's minds were opened to the need of disarmament as a preparation for a new and better world.

Over two hundred of these young delegates of Peace reached Geneva on April 3. There they presented their Great Petition for Disarmament, and from there they sent an appeal to the men and women of goodwill in all lands, to the younger generation whose fate lies in the hands of the conference, and to Christians of all Churches and denominations, begging them to urge their own nation to set an example by a voluntary reduction of armaments.

The crusade was organised by the International Fellowship of Reconciliation, whose aim is to bring together the friends of peace in every country. It is a splendid movement, and we hope many C.N. readers will write to its London branch at 17, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, and offer their services.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Atacama . . .	Ah-tah-kah-mah
Esdraelon . . .	Es-dra-e-lon
Gemini . . .	Jem-e-ny
Salta . . .	Sahl-tah
Sassari . . .	Sah-sah-re
Tirana . . .	Te-rah-nah

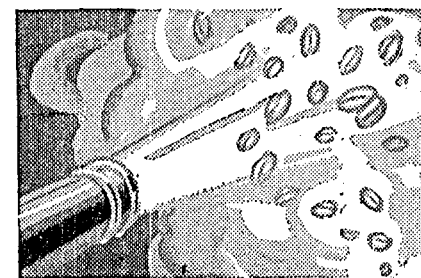
Which . . . ?  
they're both  
so nice!

*THIS growing youngster can never make up his mind which he likes best. It's Puffed Wheat some days, and other days will find him insisting on Puffed Rice. Anyway, both are doing him good, and what could be more delicious for breakfast than Quaker puffed grains.*



*MOTHER agrees that these Puffed grains are full of nourishment. They are tempting to the eye, easily digested, and they are always ready to serve and be enjoyed. That's why she always sees there is Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice in the house.*

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are delicious ready-to-serve foods for the whole family. These tempting grains are puffed to eight times their normal size, making them completely digestible, as nourishing as a hot cooked cereal. Puffed Wheat contains the vital food elements of the wheat grain necessary for healthy, growing bodies. Puffed Rice is specially selected rice in its most nourishing form. Try them both—ask your family which they prefer.



*FOOD shot from guns. Selected grains of rice or wheat are placed in specially constructed ovens. Fiery heat creates enormous pressure. When the guns are fired each grain is puffed to eight or ten times its normal size. The full story of this interesting and novel process is described on the back of each packet.*

PUFFED RICE  
ALSO

## PUFFED WHEAT

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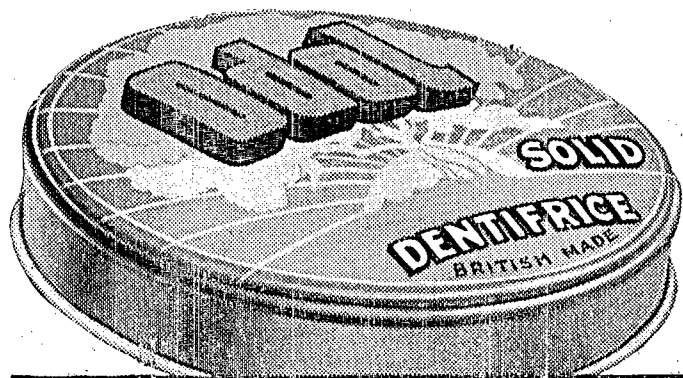
**"Odol cleans between the teeth, darling....see!"**

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**SOLID DENTIFRICE**



**6<sup>p</sup>**  
**LARGE SIZE**  
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**CRANBUX LIMITED OF NORWICH**

Garland C.N.1

## ONE WHO LOVED HIS FELLOW-MEN

SIR PATRICK GEDDES

A Long Life of Doing Good For Each and All

### THE OUTLOOK TOWER

Already his friends are missing that Grand Old Man Sir Patrick Geddes, whose passing we have already recorded in the C.N.

A dreamer whose dreams were never for himself was Patrick Geddes.

He dreamed of an ordered and beautiful world, in which every house and every garden and every street in every town should be good to look upon; and, what was far better, he dreamed that everyone who looked upon them should know that they were good. His life was spent in the service of his fellow-men, but his highest hope and wish for them was that, like himself, they should seek and know things that are lovely and of good report.

#### An Inspiring Teacher

A man of brilliant intellect, of a wide vision and penetrating insight, he was one of those rare beings who, with all these gifts, never seemed to miss them in others. He never condescended. Rather did he most earnestly feel and show that he believed that others only needed the right opportunities to educate themselves to a higher level.

It was this that made him such an inspiring teacher. He made his students believe that they had it in them to rise to the heights of understanding in the pursuit of knowledge; and this belief was not limited to those who studied under him when he taught biology. He maintained that the ignorance of any human being was due to wrong education. Educate them aright and their minds would flower.

#### Steps to Knowledge

He was at first a professor and teacher of biology, the science of life; but he taught the science of life in a broader and all-embracing way, for all his ideals were directed to making life a better thing for his fellow-men. Botany and zoology, which he illuminated with the genius of his fertile mind, were only steps to knowledge. He wanted people to learn how to live. It was this desire which made him a pioneer and a crusader in so many social schemes for the improvement of the conditions of the poor. It led him to town-planning and country-planning in places so wide apart as his native Edinburgh and New York, Dunfermline and Dublin, Hyderabad and Jerusalem.

It gave him the idea of raising the Outlook Tower on the Castle Hill in Edinburgh which was a centre for the collection of surveys of the country and of all that was worth preserving in its history. He wished to record the countryside and its memories as the best way of preserving them.

#### Valuable Schemes

It is of Patrick Geddes surveying the world from his Outlook Tower that we like to think. From that height, like an astronomer in his observatory, he saw visions and looked upward to the stars. Yet no one could think of him as having his head in the clouds. He was a practical organiser who lacked nothing but the power of making money.

Without it he contrived to set going more than one valuable scheme, such as University Hostels, which will always keep him in grateful memory. He had a share in the University Hostel for Women at Crosby Hall, Chelsea, which receives residents from all over the world.

It was characteristic of Patrick Geddes, who did things but never advertised them, that he should have passed away as unostentatiously as he had lived at the International Scottish College at Montpellier, which was his latest venture and hope. There he had been living in the

## THE GIRL GUIDES ARE OF AGE

A GREAT WEEK

Special Good Turns For Everybody Everywhere

### THE RING OF SERVICE

Plans for National Girl Guide Week are well ahead and Guides all over the country are busy with preparations to make the week beginning May 22 something that will remain in their memories as an extra-special effort in the way of good turns.

London is to hold a Ring of Service on May 21, the object being to gather together Guides in a great band of service before their individual activities start the following week.

A great camp fire is to be lighted on the Foundling Site, and Guides will only be able to enter by the Gates of Service, of which there are four. They can choose from the Gate of Handiwork, the Gate of Toys, the Gate of Literature, and the Gate of Helping Others. To pass through the Gate of Handiwork a Guide must bring a new garment or other useful article which she has made for a child under 14.

#### Through the Gates

To pass through the Gate of Toys a Guide must bring a toy that will give pleasure to children at the Foundling site. The Gate of Literature is passed by bringing a book or magazine, which will be passed on through the Red Cross Library to the London hospitals, where they will be gladly received by patients.

Guides who render service by taking from their homes crippled and blind Guides and Rangers will enter through the Gate of Helping Others. The Chief Guide has promised to be present at this London Ring of Service.

Leicester Guides are making arrangements to plant an avenue of sixty cherry trees, representing the number of their companies, in one of the parks. The Lord Mayor will attend the ceremony and each captain will plant the tree for her company.

#### Collecting Eggs and Money

Cornwall will make egg collections for the different hospitals during Guide Week, and a service is to be held in Truro Cathedral on Guide Sunday. Norwich Guides are planning for each company to do an organised Good Turn to the community in their own village.

In Glasgow every member is being asked to sacrifice for one week some pleasure or enjoyment, and to give the money toward Guide Week. Each company will collect the money in bags, and at the end of the week a rally will be held at which the gifts will be received. The result of this will be that a bed will be endowed in the Sick Children's Hospital.

#### A NEW CAREER

Here is a new opening for service in the giant liners of the air.

To qualify candidates must be very surefooted and absolutely free from any tendency to air-sickness, which is the same thing as sea-sickness, only more so.

Their business is to deal out salts, pillows, and basins to suffering passengers. A sympathetic manner is a great qualification.

Continued from the previous column

midst of his experiment for some time. He came home a little time ago to receive the honour of knighthood. We are glad that he received it, for there never was a truer knight of the Round Table of nobility and service.

One of the notes he wrote in his last few weeks was to the Editor of the C.N. to say that "it is time we met." The time for the Editor never came, and now he is gone, a loss to knowledge and to humanity everywhere, but an everlasting inspiration, for his work will never perish.



May 7, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

13

# THE SILVER BUTTON

Serial Story by  
John Halden

## What Has Happened Before

Timothy Crane, idly wandering in London, comes into possession of a puzzling message on a scrap of paper and a silver button with the figure 3 on it.

He is kidnapped by masked men who believe he can get them some important papers.

## CHAPTER 9 Shadowed

A CRAFTY look came into the eyes behind the black mask.

"Very well," he said, "but you will not be admitted unless you come alone."

"Exactly," agreed Timothy. "And now may I go?"

The president nodded graciously and waved his black-gloved hand. "You may go," he said.

All the hooded heads at the table turned toward Timothy, and every one of the black velvet masks concealed a smile. Did this foolish boy really believe that bags of gold would be waiting for him when he presented himself alone and unprotected with the coveted plans?

Timothy's mask also concealed a smile. Did these men really think they had taken him in? He had gained what he chiefly wanted, time.

But Timothy's smile faded as he realised his position. He had twenty-four hours, yes; but he would be watched every moment of the time.

The door was unlocked from the outside, and the masked doorman appeared.

"Number Thirteen is leaving us temporarily," said the president. "Show him out."

"Yes, sir," said the man without surprise.

"Karaka Bletzer," added the president.

Timothy guessed that these words were either in a foreign language or a code. He guessed also that they were an order to watch him. The doorman, in any case, seemed to know what they meant, for his air was purposeful as he divested Timothy of his black robe, hood, gloves, and mask. Timothy tried to keep the mask over his face until he should have left the house, for he noticed that the lights in the hall were not extinguished during his disrobing, as they had been when he had put on the disguise. The doorman, however, tore the mask from his face without ceremony, and peered at Timothy as if to memorise his features.

"Well, I'm known to them by sight now," he thought. He had heard a faint click in the wall opposite, and had no doubt there were watchers behind it who were also noting him for future reference. He could not know that one among the watchers started as he saw his face, began to speak excitedly to the president, thought better of it, and held his peace with a thoughtful expression. This was the man who wore the number 8, and the reason for his discretion was the fact that the boy whose face he now saw was *not* the boy whom earlier in the day he had captured and now held prisoner in his house.

Another of the watchers behind the peephole gave one recognising glance at Timothy and clenched his well-groomed hands. This was Number Five, and on seeing Timothy's face he knew that his attempt to get the boy's information for himself alone had failed, for all the members of the gang were now on his track.

At last the outer door of the house was unbolted, and Timothy was allowed to go through it into the free air of the courtyard beyond. He ran through it at top speed, but there were others as quick. Two dark shadows slipped across the court behind him, and followed him into the street. Others came behind them. Timothy saw them but pretended not to see as he walked through the half-empty streets.

Timothy walked on, feeling thoroughly uncomfortable. Even if he had wanted to, he could not lead his pursuers to the hidden plans, for the excellent reason that he had no idea what or where they were. And his main purpose, that of finding the elderly inventor and his son, seemed hopeless.

He walked aimlessly through the streets, half glad and half regretful of the circumstances that left him free to stay away from home that night. He was supposed to be staying with his uncle in the Temple, but on arriving at the chambers he had found a note there saying that his uncle had been called unexpectedly out of town and that Timothy was to make himself at home until he returned. So there was no one to wonder what had become of him. He felt very alone and helpless. He thought of going back to the chambers and barricading himself there against his pursuers. But

that would be to abandon the people he was hoping to help. Besides, he realised drearily, these men would know how to get at him somehow.

It was now past midnight, and Timothy was still walking through the streets of London. Without knowing it, he had come back nearly to where he had started from. The shadows still followed him, muttering impatiently now and then at his apparently aimless movements. Suddenly one of the shadows spoke to another. Timothy saw this happen and slackened his pace, wondering what was up.

This man, who was short and stout, spoke purposefully and made off in a new direction.

"Apparently he has decided to leave the shadowing business to the others," thought Timothy. "I wonder where he is going."

Partly because of a vague impulse, and partly because he was now too tired to think, Timothy decided to follow this man. After all, what did it matter where he went? He had no idea where to find the people he sought. He might as well go one way as another.

Timothy quickened his pace and followed the short fat man, who reminded him vaguely of Number Eight, and the following shadows fell in behind.

## CHAPTER 10 The Sound in the Dark

THE fat man reached at last a low door set in a high brick wall. He paused there and seemed to be fumbling in his pocket for a key. Timothy passed him on the other side of the dimly-lighted street, and, on a sudden impulse, decided to enter the garden behind the wall before him. He slipped quietly across the road, and into the shadow of a tree that overhung the wall. His watchers, who had had their attention withdrawn from the boy for a moment by the action of the man, lost sight of their quarry.

"So! Number Eight has been leading him here all the time!" whispered one of them to another. "The traitor! Stop him and get his keys from him!"

Two powerfully-built shadows sprang for the fat man. There was a short, silent struggle in the semi-darkness. Timothy seized his opportunity and jumped for the overhanging branch of the tree above the wall, caught it, and pulled himself over.

Inside was a dark garden. He caught the faint gleam of stars in an ornamental pool. All about it were shrubs and trees, making heavy shadows—an excellent place to hide. Also, thought Timothy, an excellent place for an ambush of his enemies. He dropped down into the darkness under a bush and listened.

There was a sound of scuffling and muttered words behind the garden wall.

"Are you mad?" said a wheezing voice which Timothy decided must belong to fat Number Eight. "I told you I was coming home, and that's all I've done. Why have you attacked me?"

"Why did that boy follow you?" growled another voice. "You know more about this than you admit. I've heard there was a traitor somewhere, and I think we've got him."

"Have you got the boy?" wheezed the fat man contemptuously.

There was a gasp. In the struggle Timothy had been forgotten.

"He's got away from you, hasn't he?" went on the wheezing voice. "You're a clever lot, I must say. You half kill a member of the society, and meanwhile you let the boy you were set to watch get away from you. Number One will have something to say about this."

"Never mind about that," said a gruff voice, in which there was the unmistakable tremor of fear. "He can't have got far away. Most likely he's in your garden."

"How could he be?" returned the fat man. "I have the only keys to this gate and this is the only way into my garden. You'd better be off, my friends."

It struck Timothy, as he listened, that the fat man did not seem to be greatly perturbed at Timothy's escape. He seemed to have some secret knowledge which he kept from the others. These two were plainly anxious.

"Think he's gone up the street?" said one. "I didn't hear him run."

"You wouldn't hear a gunshot," returned the fat man wheezily. "Well, get along and find him. I'm going in to bed."

"No, you won't. You'll stay here and catch him if he tries to double back. There

Continued on the next page



"He's  
always in the wars!"

"You really think he looks well? Of course, I think he's the best boy in the world—but then, I'm his mother! I've never coddled him. But one thing I've been strict about. From the day he could toddle I taught him to use Lifebuoy. I'm almost a crank about Lifebuoy, you know. I do believe that dirty hands are almost as dangerous to a child's health as... a stick of dynamite! The things they touch; the germs they must pick up! I'm convinced that regular washing with the antiseptic Lifebuoy lather has saved the children from many an illness. Before and after school, after play, and always before meals—a good Lifebuoy wash. That's my rule!"

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seem to be high walls all along the street. You, Dobbs, run to the end of the street and see where it opens. I'll look round here for any side alleys. Whistle if you want me."

Timothy heard Dobbs run swiftly up the deserted street, his footsteps echoing against the walls. The other walked more slowly, looking for an opening in the wall. A thought seemed to strike him, and his footsteps hurried back. There had been a rattle of the fat man's key in the lock.

"Oh no you don't!" he said. "Give me that key. If we can't find the boy in the street we'll come back and have a look at your garden."

"I forbid you to enter my premises!" cried the fat man.

"Hand over those keys or I'll take them," said the other man. "I'm twice your size and this is a deserted street past midnight."

"I'll shout for help," said the fat man desperately.

The man with the gruff voice started to laugh. Then his laughter broke off suddenly. "So!" he said grimly. "There's a tree hanging over your garden wall. You saw him climb it. You know he's in there."

Timothy stiffened. Was the man right? Had the fat man seen his escape and was he concealing it for his own purposes?

There was a squeal from the fat man on the other side of the wall as, apparently, the keys were wrenched out of his hand.

"I don't think he did get over the wall," he cried, and there was obvious sincerity in his voice.

The key again rattled in the lock, and the gruff voice sounded unexpectedly loud to Timothy as the door of the garden opened.

"We'll have a look, anyway," it said. "I'll just leave the door open for Dobbs."

He whistled down the street. Dobbs came running. "Why didn't you tell us that there is no way out of this street?" he said furiously to the fat man.

"So ho!" said the other. "You tried to get rid of us on a wild goose chase, knowing that he was in this garden."

"I didn't," squealed the fat man.

"Tie him up, Dobbs," ordered the other. "And lock the gate. You and I are going to search this garden, and search it thoroughly."

Timothy looked desperately round for escape. On three sides of the garden rose the high brick wall. The dark house

stretched across the fourth side. He thought for a moment he might climb back into the street by means of the tree, but he saw that the men, beating the bushes as they came, were nearly at the tree. That way of escape was cut off; he must try the house.

The men were making so much noise that they could not hear him. Timothy crawled from shadow to shadow under the bushes toward the house. A heavy clump of rhododendron bushes masked its lower windows. There was a scullery window. Timothy's heart jumped with relief, for it stood invitingly open. He entered it, and began to grope carefully across a dark room.

Suddenly he jumped and spun round as the window behind him quietly closed and clicked shut. A pair of long arms was wound round his shoulders and a large hand covered his mouth.

"So the young gentleman's come back," said a voice close to his ear. "Just like a bad penny, to be sure. Walked right in, didn't he? So nice and friendly."

Another pair of hands was busily tying Timothy up. Struggle as he would in the darkness he could not get free.

"Quiet there, or you'll get your head bumped," said the voice. "We've no time to waste with you. Just as soon as we've put you back where you came from we've to go out and help the master in the garden."

A gag was thrust into Timothy's mouth and, tied and helpless, he was carried through a hall and up some stairs. Here a door was opened and he was thrown roughly into a room. Behind him the door was shut and locked.

Timothy lay on the floor where they had thrown him. The place was in complete darkness. He was thinking hard. What was it those ruffians had said as they bound him? Come back like a bad penny? Was it possible that he was back in the house of the tall, elegant stranger who had drugged him at the Zoo? Had Number Five got him again in his power? But no! This house belonged to the short, fat man, Number Eight. Then why had they said he had come back?

At that moment Timothy grew rigid with surprise and lay a moment listening. On the other side of the pitch-dark room was the sound of laboured breathing. Someone else was in that room!

TO BE CONTINUED

### JACKO GOES TO THE WAXWORKS

ONE Saturday morning the Jacko Family were just starting dinner when Mrs Chimp called at the door.

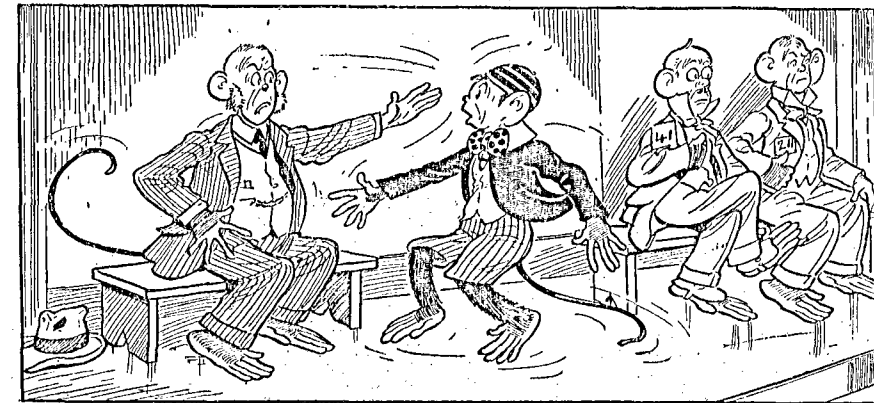
"Tiresome old thing!" grumbled Jacko. "She'll keep Mater talking while all the grub gets cold."

But he soon changed his tune when he heard that Mrs Chimp had brought two tickets for the Waxworks Show.

"Let's see the kings and queens first," suggested Adolphus, and he politely asked a girl in uniform the way to Room D.

There was no answer; so it was Jacko's turn to laugh, while Adolphus strutted on with a very red face.

After that the boys tramped about, full of excitement and interest, till at



A hand shot up and boxed his ears

"I thought perhaps Adolphus and Jacko might like to use them," she said. To Jacko's surprise Adolphus seemed as keen as he was. And Father was as pleased as anyone.

"Mind you take everything in, my lads," he said. "It will polish up your history, which is none too good."

So soon after dinner off they went. Hardly had they got inside the big building when Jacko tripped over the foot of a pompous-looking gentleman.

"S-sorry!" he stammered.

"Stupid kid!" spluttered Adolphus.

"That's not a man; it's a waxwork!" Jacko grinned as he marched off to the catalogue counter.

last they reached the room containing a crowd of important men.

Adolphus was getting tired. "Look here!" he said, "I'll find out the names of these chaps standing up and you can start with that lot sitting down over there." Jacko sprinted off.

"Coo!" he muttered. "This old fellow's lost his number disc. It's probably slipped down inside his coat."

But it was Jacko's fingers that slipped when he fumbled about and they caught on a long watch-chain.

Suddenly, to his horror, a hand shot up and boxed him on the ears. The figure he had poked was not a waxwork but an old gentleman having a nice quiet nap!



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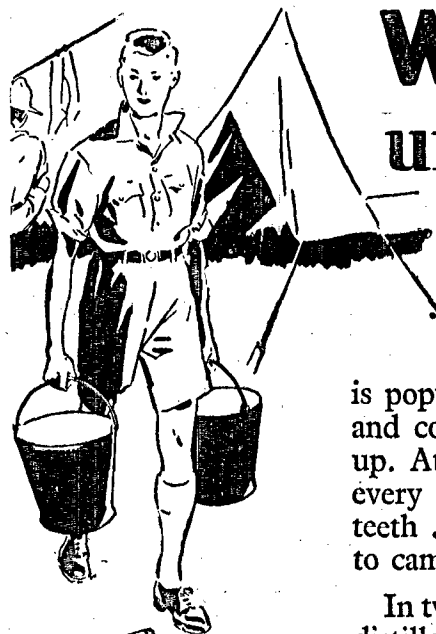
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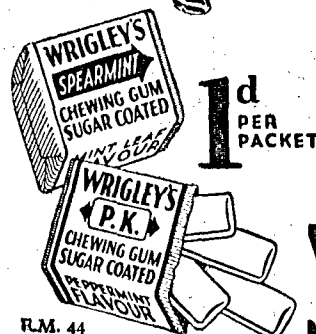


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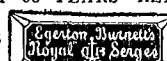
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"NO OTHER POLISH IS NEEDED IN THE HOME"



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 7, 1932

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

## THE BRAN TUB

### String For the Parcel

A box measuring 7 inches long, 5 inches wide, and 4½ inches deep is packed for parcel post. A string passes across the middle of every edge. What length of string will be required, allowing 6 inches for knots? *Answer next week*

### What's In a Name?

**The Barber.** Nowadays so few men grow beards that we regard the barber as the man who cuts our hair rather than our beard. You probably know, however, that "barbe" is the French for beard, so that the barber was chiefly known for trimming beards.

### Ici On Parle Français



La bouilloire Le cerf-volant Le nœud  
Elle met la bouilloire sur le feu.  
Le cerf-volant a une belle queue.  
N'importe qui peut faire ce nœud.

### Word Square Rhyme

THE following verse gives the clues to five words, each of five letters, which, when written one below the other, form a square of words.  
My first are very lovely to the eye;  
The superstitious men refuse to buy.  
My second, too, is charming to behold  
When closed or when it happens to unfold.  
Those who, perchance, the right do spurn  
Should now my third to honour return.  
My fourth's a weapon that men bear today  
Twas used by ancient warriors in the fray.  
To be exposed unto my fifth you'll say  
Is most unpleasant any time of day. *Answer next week*

### Hint to Writers

THERE was a certain amount of wisdom in this advice of Sydney Smith, the famous wit:—"In composing, as a general rule, run your pen through every other word you have written; you have no idea what vigour it will give to your style."

### Runner Beans and Sunflowers

A NEW way of growing runner beans is to plant them in association with sunflowers. Giant annual sunflowers are planted about a foot apart along the rows where the beans are to be grown. The sunflowers have tall, sturdy stems and the beans are quick to take advantage of the

support. By growing the beans and sunflowers together one is saved the expense and trouble of the usual sticks. The beans do not interfere with the development of the sunflowers in the least. In addition, sunflower seed is a valuable poultry food.

### A Charade

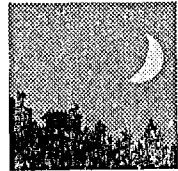
MY first is either good or bad,  
May please you or offend you;  
My second in a thirsty mood  
May very much befriending you.  
My whole, though called a cruel word,  
May often prove a kind one;  
Sometimes it may with joy be heard,  
Sometimes with tears may blind one. *Answer next week*

### Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to April 9, 1932, are compared with the corresponding weeks of last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS		DEATHS	
	1932	1931	1932	1931
London	5203	5344	5098	4926
Glasgow	1856	1767	1519	1515
Dublin	793	733	571	585
Edinburgh	543	612	567	573
Newcastle	449	473	299	323
Bradford	307	346	347	423
Swansea	202	205	193	202
Coventry	195	215	175	176
Norwich	161	150	144	193
Exeter	82	85	70	104
Swindon	70	61	54	50
Hastings	63	65	91	104

### Other Worlds Next Week



IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter and Neptune are in the South-West, and Venus is in the West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10 p.m. on Wednesday, May 11.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

**Bus and Car.** One hour after meeting the bus. (In 1½ hours the bus does two-fifths of the journey, the car doing the other three-fifths in the same time. Car does remaining two-fifths in one hour.)

### Twelve O's

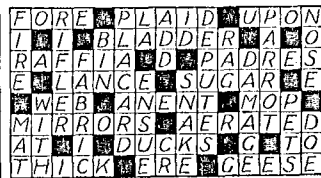
o good dog do go

A Curtailed Word. Note, not.

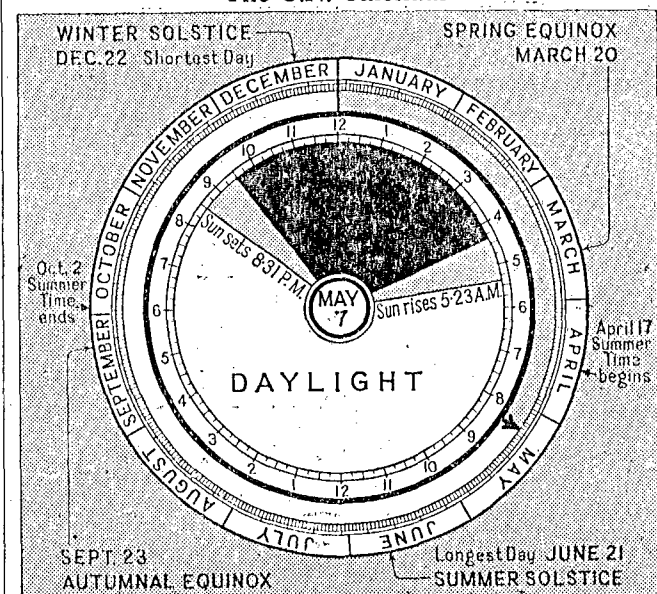
A Charade. Stone-crop.

**Problem of the Mountaineers.** This was a catch. In theory they would never reach the top if each succeeding day they travelled half the previous day's distance.

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle



### The C.N. Calendar



This calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on May 7. The days are now getting longer. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

## Dr MERRYMAN

### In These Hard Times

CALLER: Any signs of better business?

Business Man: Well, yes. People who couldn't settle their accounts are beginning to make promises.

### Learning to Jump



Why was it, Jane was wondering, She couldn't jump for anything. However hard she tried? She'd practised hard for years and years. When, just upon the verge of tears, A spider she espied. She looked, then leaped upon a chair, And waved a poker in the air; "You made me jump!" she cried.

### A Good Idea

THE street corner orator was warning to his subject. "What we have to do is to get rid of bolshevism, communism, anarchism—"

"And rheumatism," broke in the usual heckler, with feeling.

### Adventurous Youth

THE son of the house showed no sign of a desire to find a job, so Father remonstrated with him. "Hard work never killed anybody, my lad," he said.

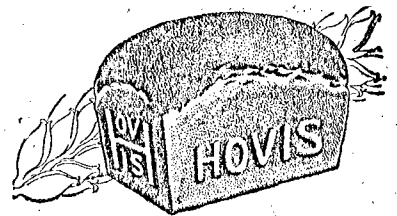
"That's just it," replied the youth. "I want something with a suggestion of danger about it."

### Very Funny

THE subject for the essay was: The funniest thing I ever saw.

Jack appeared to have finished very quickly, so the teacher asked to see his attempt.

"The funniest thing I ever saw was too funny for words," she read. And that was that!



'HOVIS  
Every day'  
—health  
for Work  
and Play.

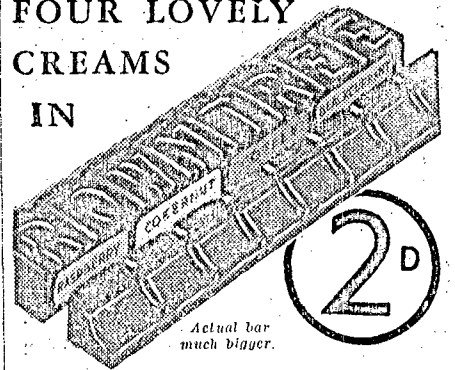
'Hovis Every Day'—

The First Rule of Health.

HOVIS Ltd., London, Macclesfield, Bristol, etc.

HARD or SOFT?

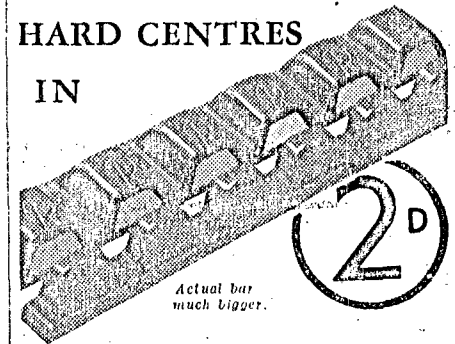
FOUR LOVELY  
CREAMS  
IN



ROWNTREE'S  
4-CENTRE TABLET

OR

SIX DIFFERENT  
HARD CENTRES  
IN



ROWNTREE'S  
6-FLAVOUR BAR

FC 225-17

## FIVE-MINUTE STORY

"BURGIN," said Mr Pulwell to his servant, "my boots have not been cleaned so well this last day or two as for some time past."

Burgin hesitated. "Your pardon, sir. I've done my best. You see, that extra polish before was not mine."

Mr Pulwell looked up quickly and asked, "Who was the good angel, Burgin?"

"Jamie, sir," replied Burgin; "he insisted, sir."

"Oh!" said Mr Pulwell. "And what did you pay Jamie for this—er—kindness?"

"Nothing, sir," admitted Burgin. "Jamie insisted."

"Then this must be gone into," mused Mr Pulwell; and he went to see Jamie.

Now these two had said Good-morning! to each other,

whatever the weather, for years, so you see they were old friends. Each had an admiration and respect for the other. Mr Pulwell was a dentist, clever and proud of his profession. Jamie knew how clever Mr Pulwell was because it had happened one morning that, as the dentist passed with his usual Good-morning, Jamie had had terrible toothache, and had said so. Whereupon Mr Pulwell had taken Jamie into the surgery and removed the tooth, and when Jamie had offered to pay Mr Pulwell had pooh-poohed the suggestion with: "Between friends, you know!" and had laughed.

Today Mr Pulwell was visiting Jamie about this boot business.

"Good-morning, Jamie!" said the dentist; "what's this I hear about your helping my man Burgin?"

Jamie laughed. "Och! that's over noo!"

"So I hear," agreed Mr Pulwell; "but why did it ever start?"

Jamie scratched his head, and turned away with, "Ye'll no understand."

Mr Pulwell was serious. "I think we understand each other after all these years, Jamie," he said.

"A' richt," Jamie went on, "I'll explain. Ye'll mind pulling oot a tooth o' mine? Well, that hurt me."

Mr Pulwell laughed. "It was a bad tooth."

"I dinna mean it that way," continued Jamie; "I

## PROFESSIONAL PRIDE

mean, it hurt ma pride—you refused ma fee. But I've paid noo."

"Cleaning my boots, eh?" said Mr Pulwell.

"Just that!" answered Jamie. "But I'm through noo. Ye've had an extraction's worth!"

"Jamie," said the dentist, "you're a brick, and I'm sorry I did things wrong. However, we're all square now!" And they shook hands.

Mr Pulwell, returning to his surgery, was thinking, "Professional pride! I never thought of that!" While Jamie, who had got a customer, was thinking, "I forgot to ask for ma receipt," and he gave his client an extra polish. Jamie, you see, was a shoeblack.